



DICK & JOE

OR

TWO OF A
KIND

MARY LEE ETHERIDGE



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DICK AND JOE.



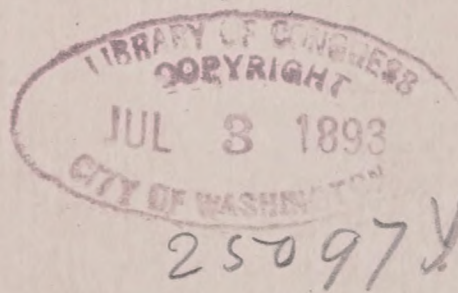
"And took to his heels then and there."

DICK AND JOE
OR
TWO OF A KIND

BY
MARY LEE ETHERIDGE

AUTHOR OF
"MRS. MUFF AND HER FRIENDS"

BOSTON
DE WOLFE, FISKE & CO.
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TO
BESSIE LEE MOSELEY.

*Little wanderer from the skies
Who came Ascension Day,
Bessie of the dark gray eyes,
Who came to us in May,*

*We send to you some little twins;
None know them but their mother;
For one twin looks exactly like
The other twin, his brother.*

*The name of one you'll find is Joe;
Dick we shall call his brother.
Alas! their names are not much use;
We can't tell one from t'other.*

*But, Bessie of the dark gray eyes,
We think that you will know,
And very soon, indeed, find out
That Dick is not like Joe.*

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THE CHRISTENING OF THE TWINS.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE TWINS.

TWINS always make a sensation everywhere. The Lane twins were no exception to the rule. And this was a great day even for a pair of twins. They were to be christened this day. How this came about, we must go back a little, in order to make it clear to our little readers.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane, the father and mother of the twins, belonged to the Episcopal Church; and the clergyman who had married them had been a friend of their respective families for a long while before Mr. Lane and his wife were married. Since their marriage this clergyman had been made a bishop; and as he was to come to the town where the twins were, for the purpose of Confirmation, Mr. and Mrs. Lane thought they might possibly arrange the christening so that he could perform it.

Easter came very late that year; but it was all very well, because it was hoped that the weather would be settled by the time that the bishop thought his engagements would allow of his coming to Mrs. Lane's for the christening.

It is usually a very delightful thing for the owners of twins to complain that they cannot tell one from the other, but in this

instance Mrs. Lane had got a little uncomfortable about the resemblance.

It was so very perfect, that once or twice the wrong baby had been taken up for some nursery arrangement; and once the same baby had been carried down-stairs twice, or Mrs. Lane thought so, which made her feel as if she did not know how to distinguish her own children from each other.

After Mrs. Lane's nurse went away there were two very good young women hired as nurses for the twins.

It happened, oddly enough, the girls were the daughters of a woman who was a twin; but the girls were not twins themselves: one was five years older than the other, and was the one who took the control in the nursery.

The twins were to be named for Mr. Lane's uncles, who had been twins themselves, — Joseph and Richard.

"It does not matter how the names are given," said Mr. Lane.

"No," said Mrs. Lane, "not till after they are christened."

"Oh," said her husband, "you can tell them apart now, and of course you will be able to tell then."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lane doubtfully, "of course I can tell my own children apart."

Mr. Lane knew how his wife felt, and he turned away to conceal a smile, at the very uncertain tone of her voice.

When the day for the christening came, the bishop was on the ground ready for the ceremony, and the day was everything that could be wished. They were rather anxious to get to the

church as soon as possible, because they hoped, very vainly, that every one in the little country town did not know that their twins were to be christened, and they hoped there would be a small congregation present, fearing much that the babies might cry, and thinking if they got to the church promptly it might be over before all who intended to come to church got there.

As they were getting ready Mr. Lane came in, and said that the nursery clock was fifteen minutes too slow. This was terrible. And then something had happened to the younger nurse, Nora, that had almost upset her.

The caps and the christening dresses were trimmed with some literally priceless lace that the uncles had had made for the babies' dresses; and in her haste Nora had torn it in two places, because it caught on a little pin which she wore. They were very bad rents, and could never be mended without their showing.

She little thought how glad every one would be by and by of the mishap!

She knew it was Joe she was dressing, but she was too frightened even to tell her sister, of whom she stood in considerable awe; and she kept thinking what she could do all the time she was preparing for church, entertaining some wild scheme of saving up all her wages to replace it, or something of the sort. Of course after the mistake in the nursery clock was discovered there was nothing but hurry and confusion; and when they got into the carriage, Mrs. Lane discovered to her horror that the distinguishing ribbon had not been tied on.

"O ma'am," said the elder nurse, Annie, "don't you be troubled; I can't make a mistake about the children. Nora always takes Dick, and I take Joe."

But, alas! on this morning Nora had been very careful to take Joe, in order to conceal so long as possible the torn lace.

Now, indeed, trouble was beginning. Nora began to tremble.

Then Mr. Lane said, "And which is to be christened first? Joe, I suppose, as Annie is the head nurse," he added, laughing.

Nora felt as if she should faint away.

"It makes you feel sick to ride backwards, Nora," said Mrs. Lane. "Change places," she added, knowing that Nora was very shy, and averse to making trouble. But it was not the riding backwards. It seemed to Nora that if everything only could go backwards, instead of forwards, she should be only too thankful.

The only way out of the difficulty that presented itself to her was, that when the christening began, she should put her baby, who was most certainly Joe, into Mr. Lane's arms first.

But then how could she do it?

Annie was very particular as to the head nurse always going first, and Nora was no match for her sister in persistency of character or self-assertion. Shivering with terror, she had her place assigned to her a little behind her sister.

When the awful moment came for Mr. Lane to present the first baby for baptism, the one fear of Nora conquered the other,



The Christening of the Twins.

and she pressed forwards, and put her baby, *Joe*, into his father's arms.

"Nora!" said Annie, but Nora was past being afraid of Annie.

"O Mr. Lane," said she, "please take my baby! It is Joe! it is Joe!"

Poor Mr. Lane, who was not absolutely happy in his present position, began to look bewildered. The bishop was waiting.

"Take him! take him!" said Nora in an agony. "It is Joe! It is Joe!"

Mr. Lane took him, thinking to himself that if he lived through this hour he should live forever.

Mrs. Lane had caught something of what was going on; and Mr. Lane seeing this marched on like a man leading a forlorn hope, and put his burden into the bishop's arms. He managed to get out the word "Joseph" with tolerable distinctness, and the bishop was accustomed to the family names.

Then he went back for Dick. He could not make any mistake now. There were but two of them, Heaven be praised! thought Mr. Lane.

"Nora," said Annie, "I won't say a word to you till we get home, and then" — silence was more expressive than words.

"But it was Joe," said Nora, hardly able to speak, for now the torn lace was uppermost.

The christening was over, and they were back in the carriage.

"And now," said Mrs. Lane, "what was the trouble, just as Mr. Lane went to get Joe?"

“O ma’am,” said Nora, “don’t be angry with me—it was Joe, and Annie did not know she had Dick, because there is a tear—indeed, there are two tears.” said Nora in a low voice of horror, “in Joe’s lace; and I took him because I was afraid she would find it out. I caught the lace in my breast-pin in my hurry this morning, and I don’t want any wages ever again—take them all to pay for the lace—and take everything else I have got too,” sobbed Nora. “I know nothing will pay for such lace as that!”

“Not pay for the lace! It is the luckiest thing that ever happened—the ribbons were forgotten, and even their own mother did not know them,” cried Mr. Lane. “We will never have the lace mended, and I’ll have the boys branded like lambs before to-morrow night! Stop crying, Nora! ‘All’s well that ends well.’”

HOW JOE LOST HIS SUPPER.

HOW JOE LOST HIS SUPPER.

As Dick and Joe grew older, it seemed as if the likeness grew stronger and stronger; but as they grew old enough to develop some distinctive character, one could see that in that respect there would be a vast difference between them.

While Dick was very impatient, not being willing to wait a moment for anything that he wanted, Joe was such a patient little fellow, always allowing Dick to be attended to first, that their mother felt as if sometimes he was almost imposed upon. Perhaps it was this difference in their dispositions that made their mother able to distinguish them, although she always declared that there was some difference in their looks. She always maintained that the dimple in Joe's cheek was deeper than in Dick's; but nobody but Mamma Lane had ever been able to see this.

Once Papa Lane had given two good-night kisses to Dick, and none at all to Joe. If this had happened to Dick, you may be sure there would have been a great fuss, until mamma came to the rescue, and righted matters, as she generally did; for although when they were very young Mrs. Lane had been a little at fault sometimes, now they were older it did not happen.

One night when the twins were about twenty months old, their mother was giving them their suppers out of their pretty china bowls. They had each had a beautiful bread-and-milk set sent to them for a Christmas present, and every night at five o'clock they had their suppers given to them.

Nora, the nurse, whose decision had been so very important at the christening, had married; and as the children had got larger, Mrs. Lane thought that she and Annie could manage without a second nurse.

But Annie had to go out sometimes, and it happened that this afternoon she had gone out to see Nora in her new home. By consequence, on this particular night Mrs. Lane had her babies all to herself, and was obliged to attend to both of them.

Dick often got his supper first, when there was but one person to give the children their bread and milk; for he always seemed so much hungrier than his brother, and was besides so cross when he was hungry, that he got his own way a good deal more than was good for him.

Mamma was just preparing to give Joe his bread and milk, when the door-bell rang very loudly, and, before any one could by any chance get to the door to open it, it was rung again still more violently.

Mrs. Lane rushed out into the hall, and there found a messenger, who had been sent to beg her to come with all haste to Grandma Lane, for the latter had met with a very bad accident. Grandma Lane was quite old, and lame from rheumatism, and, in

attempting to come down-stairs, had slipped, and fallen nearly the whole flight.

Mrs. Lane in her haste to go to old Mrs. Lane had almost forgotten she had not given Joe his supper. You may be sure Dick would not have allowed her to forget his supper.

“It will never do for me to stay to give Joe his bread and milk,” thought Mrs. Lane, “so I think I will ask Aunt Mary to come and stay with them till I come back; and if she cannot stay so long, she can send down for Annie to come home. It is not far to Nora’s.”

Then Mrs. Lane remembered that Aunt Mary, like every one else, could not tell one twin from the other; and so running to her bureau drawer, she took out a piece of blue ribbon and tied it round Joe’s fat little wrist, and then ran into the next house, where her sister lived, to explain to her why she had been called away so suddenly, and telling her what she wanted her to do.

“Yes, indeed,” said Aunt Mary; “I shall be delighted to come and stay with the children; but as to giving Joe his supper, you know that I can never tell the boys apart, and how shall I know which is Joe?”

“I have provided for that,” said Mrs. Lane hurriedly, and have tied a piece of blue ribbon round Joe’s wrist, so that you cannot possibly make any mistake. And if you get tired of staying,” she added as she went out of the door, “send for Annie; she is at Nora’s!”

Now, Mrs. Lane had not left the children alone for more than four or five minutes; but in those few minutes Joe had managed

to untie the ribbon, which, in her great haste, his mother had failed to fasten very securely, and had thrown it down on the floor. Dick had picked it up, and, when Aunt Mary appeared on the scene, Dick was twisting it round his own wrist.

Of course Aunt Mary thought this must be Joe, because there was the blue ribbon ; and seeing that it was untied, she supposed of course that he had done it himself ; and congratulating herself with the thought that she had got there before he had succeeded in getting it off entirely, she tied it on, and taking him up in her lap proceeded to give Dick his second supper.

To be sure, he did not seem very hungry when she asked him if he did not want it ; but she did not pay much attention to that, and after considerable coaxing she induced him to swallow a tolerable portion of Joe's bread and milk.

But now poor little Joe, who had been sitting on the floor watching his supper disappear down Dick's throat, burst into tears.

"Dear me," said Aunt Mary, "I thought you never cried. I think you must be tired and sleepy." So she undressed the children as quickly as possible, and soon had them asleep in their respective cribs.

After ten o'clock that night, when Mrs. Lane got home, she found her sister waiting for her.

"And how did you get along with the children ?" said she.

"Oh, very well," said Aunt Mary ; "but it was fortunate I came in when I did, for Joe had almost got his ribbon off his wrist. As it was, he did not seem very hungry — I had to urge him to eat."

“ You don’t think you could have mistaken one child for the other, and given one two suppers ? ” said Mrs. Lane.

“ Oh, no,” said her sister ; “ the ribbon was still wound round his wrist, but it had got untied.”

Then Mrs. Lane went to look at her babies. There they were indeed fast asleep ; but, alas ! the blue ribbon that should have been round Joe’s wrist was tied this time very securely round Dick’s. Mrs. Lane told Aunt Mary of the discovery she had made, and then the latter found for the first time that she had given Dick two suppers, and Joe none at all. I don’t think, however, the little fellow could have been very uncomfortable, for he slept all night, though they do say he ate an uncommonly hearty breakfast the next morning.

HOW JOE WAS LOST AND DICK
WAS FOUND.

HOW JOE WAS LOST AND DICK WAS FOUND.

ABOUT a mile's ride from the boys' home, and in a large city, lived Grandma Westcott and Aunt Fanny Westcott.

It was a red-letter day in the children's lives when they spent it at grandma's house. Such a delightful time as they had! and so many beautiful toys to play with! some of them the very ones that mamma herself had played with when she was a little girl. There was great rejoicing, therefore, when a special invitation came for them to spend their third birthday with Aunt Fanny.

Their father was to take them with him when he went to his business in the morning, and to call for them on his way home from his office at night.

It seemed to the children as if their birthday would never come; but come it did at last, and a lovely, bright summer day it was. They chattered so much at breakfast that their mamma had a hard time to make them eat a mouthful, and they wanted to have their little coats put on long before their papa had finished reading his morning paper. At last it was time to set out. It was but a few minutes to the station; and there was the engine

puffing and snorting like a great black monster, and just waiting long enough for the children to find seats in the car before it was off again.

How fast they flew along! and the queerest part of it was that the fences and trees all looked as if they were moving instead of the cars. There was so much to see, that before they knew it they were at the end of their journey, and then a short horse-car ride brought them to Grandma Westcott's house. And there was grandma and Aunt Fanny watching for them. How glad they were to see them!

So soon as their coats and hats were taken off they wanted to go up-stairs to the old nursery where mamma and Aunt Fanny had played so long ago.

There were all the toys, just as Dick and Joe had left them the last time they were there. They both wanted to ride the rocking-horse at once, but finally Aunt Fanny persuaded them to take turns.

What with the building-blocks and picture-books and tin carts and horses, before they were aware of it, it was their dinner-time, and then what a delightful surprise they found awaiting them when they got to the table!

Right in front of Dick's plate was a little round cake, all beautifully frosted, with his name and age on it; and Joe had a similar one, marked with his name.

After dinner Aunt Fanny remembered that she had a little shopping to do, and told grandma she thought she would take the boys with her.

But grandma vetoed this plan immediately, saying she thought the streets and shops were so crowded, that it would be as much as she could do to attend to her shopping, without having the care of two such little children.

“I am afraid,” said grandma, “they might get separated from you in the crowd.”

“Well, then,” said Aunt Fanny, “suppose I take one of them. The last time the children were here I took Dick out with me on an errand, and I promised Joe he should go the next time. I will keep hold of his hand all the time, and I do not see how anything can happen to him, for I am only going into one shop.”

“Well,” said grandma, “I don’t know that there can either. I suppose you will not be gone very long.”

“Oh, no,” said Aunt Fanny; “not more than an hour at the utmost.” And so after a somewhat reluctant consent from grandma, Aunt Fanny and Joe started.

A ten or fifteen minutes’ ride in the horse-car brought them to the shop where Aunt Fanny was to match her trimming; and when she got there she could not help feeling glad that she did not have but one of the children with her, for the shops and the streets were in a terribly crowded condition — this was the first pleasant day after some days of dull, rainy weather, and it seemed as if every one had taken advantage of it.

She kept tight hold of Joe’s little hand, and at last managed to push her way up to the counter. She selected a piece of trimming that she thought would answer her purpose, but, the

shop being rather dark, hardly liked to buy it without taking it to the door, where she could see it in a stronger light. She only hesitated about doing it because it was such hard work dragging Joe back and forth through the crowd again.

Just at that moment, very opportunely as Aunt Fanny thought, a woman got up from the stool upon which she had been sitting ; and Aunt Fanny, lifting Joe onto the vacant seat, told him to sit there while she went to the door.

“ I sha’n’t be gone but a moment,” said she ; “ now, don’t you move till I come back.”

If Joe had obeyed there would have been no trouble ; but the instant she turned away from him, he began to feel frightened, seeing so many strange faces, and slipped down from the high stool, and tried to run after her.

In his confusion he followed a strange woman, whose dress was like his aunt’s ; and as this person went out into the street, Joe went too, running after her as fast as possible, to try and get hold of her hand or her gown ; finally she turned the corner of a street, and he lost sight of her, and poor little Joe stood bewildered and confused. He was completely lost, and in a strange city.

Aunt Fanny came back as she had promised in a few minutes, but there was no trace of Joe. She was really quite beside herself, and ran from one part of the shop to the other, describing the lost child, and asking every one if they had seen him.

It did not seem possible to her that in the short time he had

been left alone he could have got out of the shop, and she felt sure she must find him in some part of it.

After a useless search, however, she was obliged to give up this hope, and went out into the street, eagerly scanning every childish form she saw.

Here she met with no better success, and, upon telling a policeman, was advised to go to the nearest station-house, and there give notice of the child's loss.

"And don't you feel so frightened," said the officer; "you have no idea how many children are lost every day, and I hardly ever heard of a case where their parents did not find them again. You'll have him back again, safe and sound before many hours."

Off rushed Aunt Fanny to the station-house, and gave a minute description of Joe, and added to it the number and street of his father's office in the city, and also the number and street of his grandfather's residence in the suburban town. The officer assured her that so soon as there was any news she should be notified, and that the various patrolmen should be warned to keep a lookout on their various beats for any child answering to the description of her little nephew.

Still Aunt Fanny could not bear to go home with such sad news, and went back to the street on which Joe had disappeared, in the forlorn hope of seeing him.

After Aunt Fanny and Joe had gone, Dick had looked a little lonely; but grandma showed him such beautiful pictures, and told him such beautiful stories, that the first half-hour slipped

away quite rapidly. Then Dick began to grow tired and impatient; and when over an hour had passed, grandma herself began to grow uneasy, and to stand at the window watching eagerly. And to add to her discomfort, Dick began to cry and to say that he wanted to see Joe.

“So you shall,” said grandma, at the same time saying to herself, “How foolish I am to feel so anxious about nothing! Fanny has had more difficulty than she expected in matching her trimming, and I dare say is on her way home down the street this minute. Dick,” said she aloud, “how should you like to go out with Lena and meet Joe and Aunt Fanny?”

Lena was a very good, respectable German girl employed as seamstress in Grandma Westcott’s family. She had been in this country but a few months, and consequently spoke but a very little English.

Dick thought he should like this very much, and immediately dried his tears. So Lena received careful directions to take Dick as far as the head of the street, and then, if she did not meet Joe and Aunt Fanny, she might take Dick to walk in a neighboring park. “And,” said grandma, “you might take him to see the swans. Put a piece of bread in your pocket; it will amuse him to feed them. But don’t stay but a little while.”

Grandma had just settled down to her sewing when the doorbell rang. “Ah,” thought she, “there comes Fanny and Joe now.” And in a moment the door opened, and there was Fanny looking very pale and anxious, but where was Joe?

And then poor Aunt Fanny had to tell the whole sad tale.

“Did not you meet Dick with Lena?” asked grandma.

“No,” said Aunt Fanny, “I must have just missed them; but there is no cause to worry about them.”

Alas! Aunt Fanny knew not what was in store for her. She was quite correct in supposing that Lena and Dick had just missed her. They passed the head of the street just about five minutes before she came along, and then Lena, according to her directions, had taken Dick into the park, and then to the pond, where the swans were swimming about and arching their long, graceful necks.

He had fed them with the bread, and when it was all gone Lena thought it was time to go home; but Dick thought otherwise, and, no matter how much she coaxed him to do so, he would not stir.

Finally, finding that coaxing was of no use, she took hold of his hand, and attempted to pull him along, and then Dick had one of his naughty, obstinate fits. He began to scream and to hold on to one of the benches.

You may remember that when Aunt Fanny saw the officer at the station-house, he had told her that the case would be reported at the different stations in the city, the policemen would be told to watch for a child answering to the description that had been given of Joe.

Accordingly, when a policeman who was crossing the park, being attracted by Dick's loud cries, came to see what was the matter, and found a little boy answering in every particular to the lost child, he naturally thought he must be the one for

whom he had been told to look, and that the woman who was pulling him along must be trying to steal him, probably in the hope of a reward when she should deliver him up.

He put his hand on Lena's shoulder, and asked her what she was doing with the boy, and where she had found him.

Now, Lena could speak but a few words of English, and, being very much confused and startled, was quite unable to make the man understand one word she said. He had asked Dick his name and where he lived; but, as the little fellow did not talk very plainly, he was not able to understand him much better.

"I think," said the officer, who thought that Lena was pretending that she could not speak English, "that you will have to come to the station-house along with me, and when you get there, perhaps you will be able to tell us a straight story."

And poor Lena, crying bitterly, was marched through the streets, the policeman leading Dick by the hand.

Upon reaching the station, the captain was not able to get anything more out of Lena. She either could not or would not speak English.

"I don't know," said the police captain, "what to make of it all. The girl looks very respectable, but the child is undoubtedly the one who was lost a few hours ago. I will telephone to his father, and see if he can identify him."

Mr. Lane happened to be out when the telephone bell rang, and the office boy was surprised to receive the following message:—



"He put his hand on Lena's shoulder and asked her what she was doing with the boy."

"Please call at Station No. 9. We think we have found your missing boy. Have the woman in custody who was carrying him off."

The boy answered that Mr. Lane had gone out, would not be back for an hour. Before the hour was over the telephone bell rang again, this time with a message for Mr. Lane from Station No. 16, telling him that they had found his boy, who had been reported as missing, and would he please call and identify him.

When Mr. Lane entered his office a short time after, the boy met him with a very strange story.

"Call a carriage as quickly as possible," said Mr. Lane. "I left the children this morning at their grandmother's, and how one can be at No. 9 Station, and the other at No. 16, is more than I can understand."

Telling the man to drive as quickly as possible to Station 16, Mr. Lane determined that never again should those children go away without their mother.

All this time Aunt Fanny and grandma had been watching anxiously for some news of Joe, and now they were beginning to feel very much disturbed about Dick.

He had been gone more than an hour, and Lena had received explicit directions not to keep him out but a little while. Could he have got lost too?

"I don't see how it can be possible for anything to happen to him," said Aunt Fanny. "Why, Lena is in the habit of going every day for a walk in the park, after her sewing is done."

In the midst of this conversation Mr. Westcott, Aunt Fanny's father, came home; and I can assure you he looked grave enough when he heard the sad news.

"I think," said he, "I had best take a carriage and drive round to the different police stations; and if we were to offer a reward, it might make the police work a little harder to find Joe."

Just as the carriage drove up to the door the telephone bell rang in Mr. Westcott's library.

"The captain at Station 16 would like to talk with some of the family."

The communication went on to say that a little fellow answering Joe's description had just been brought in with a woman accompanying him, who seemed to be an entire stranger. The captain said that he had already sent for Mr. Lane, but that he was away from his office, and he had thought it best not to wait.

Shortly after this, two carriages might have been seen driving up to Station 16, from opposite directions, with a good deal of speed.

Out of one got Mr. Lane, and out of the other got Mr. Westcott.

"And what does this mean?" said Mr. Lane.

"I will explain," said Mr. Westcott, "in one moment—let us look at the boy first."

Upon opening the door of the captain's office, the first thing they saw was Joe, sound asleep on a bed made of some coats,

and looking rather dirty and dusty. The little fellow had walked farther than it would have seemed possible for so small a child, and had been found in a side street, crying, by the woman who had brought him to this station.

“Well,” said Mr. Lane, when he had heard the story, “I suppose Dick is safe enough at home.”

“Oh, yes, I think so, by this time,” answered Mr. Westcott.

“What do you mean by this time?” said Mr. Lane.

Then it was explained to him that Dick had gone for a little walk with Lena, and that as he had stayed a little longer than Grandma Westcott had expected, she was beginning to feel a little anxious about him. “But,” continued Mr. Westcott, “I don’t think there is any occasion for it.”

“I don’t know about that,” replied Mr. Lane; “perhaps that accounts for the message I received from the other station. We had best drive there immediately.”

Imagine Captain Prescott’s surprise when he saw Mr. Westcott and Mr. Lane walking into his office with a little boy, the exact counterpart of the one he had already.

But I don’t think he was any more surprised than they were, to see poor Lena sitting there the picture of woe, and Dick sitting in a high office chair, with his short legs dangling down. A full explanation followed.

“Well, gentlemen,” said Captain Prescott, “I am very sorry to have caused you so much trouble; but I think, after all, it was a very natural mistake, and if this woman had really been trying to steal your boy, and we had not arrested her, I am afraid we

should have heard a great deal in the newspapers about the negligence of the police."

When the little boys got home that night, there was a great deal more to tell mamma than any one had expected in the morning; and though the twins may forget how they spent their third birthday, I don't think their Aunt Fanny ever will.

WHY DICK COULDN'T READ.

WHY DICK COULDN'T READ.

WHEN Dick and Joe were between five and six years old their mother had a very long and dangerous illness ; and, when she began to get well enough to do so, it was decided that she should join a party of her friends who were going to Europe.

Now, as she had never before left her little boys since they were born, you can imagine that she felt a good deal of anxiety about doing so.

To be sure, Grandmamma Lane would come and stay with them while she was away ; but grandma was getting too old to have the care of two such active little fellows. And so, after thinking the matter over for some time, she decided that the best thing she could do was to send the children to school ; and then, at all events, their grandmother would feel sure where they were a large part of the day. When Mrs. Lane told the boys they were to go to school, they took an entirely different view of the thing.

Joe thought he should like it very much, and then he should be able to read for himself all the pretty books he had sent to him at Christmas ; but Dick declared that he did not want to go, and,

what was more, he wouldn't go, and if Joe wanted to go, he had better go, and when he had learned to read, he could come home and read to him.

Mrs. Lane tried to explain to Dick how ashamed he would feel, when he grew up to be a man, if he were so ignorant that he could not even read, and that in the country where her little boys had been born, it was an uncommon thing to find a person who could not both read and write. To which Dick replied, that he thought that was the very reason why there was no need of his learning ; for if he could not read when he was a man, there would be plenty of people who could, and that when he grew up he was going to be a doctor, and drive round all day in a carriage, as he saw Dr. Clark doing.

Mrs. Lane knew that her little boy was talking very foolishly, and just now was too cross to be reasoned with ; so she let the matter drop for the present, but the next morning, after breakfast, told the children to get their hats, and come out with her.

Ten minutes' walk brought them to a small wooden building, at the door of which Mrs. Lane knocked. It was opened by a pleasant-faced young woman, who replied to Mrs. Lane's question that she was the teacher.

"And," pursued Mrs. Lane, "can you find room for these two little boys?"

Dick and Joe thought her eyes looked as if they said "no," while her tongue said "yes." I do not wonder, however, that her eyes and tongue would not quite agree, when she had sixty-

eight boys and girls to teach already. The twins would make seventy.

Miss Lamb gave the boys two seats beside each other, and in the course of the morning explained to them that she had so many little boys and girls, she could only hear a few read at a time, and that when she said "first division," Dick, with eight or ten other children, must come to her desk; and that when she said it was time for the second division to read, Joe and some other children were to come.

By and by Miss Lamb said, "The first division may come up to my desk to read;" and quite a number of little boys and girls got up out of their seats, but neither of the twins moved.

"Come, Dick," said the teacher, "it is your turn first, and we will see how much you can learn to-day."

Miss Lamb drew a large picture of a cat on the blackboard, and told the children a good deal about it.

At first Dick had been a good deal interested, particularly while Miss Lamb was drawing the cat, but in a short time his attention was taken up by what was going on in different parts of the room; then a little boy who stood beside him kept treading on his toes, and although he had made an attempt to tell Miss Lamb about it, she had stopped him by saying that little boys must not talk in school. Dick thought school must be a very disagreeable place, if you must submit to having your toes trodden on, and say nothing about it.

I do not think that, taking all things into consideration, it was anything very surprising that, when Miss Lamb asked Dick

what she had been saying, he was quite unable to tell her anything; in fact, she had been obliged to call his name several times before he realized that she was talking to him at all, and when he did do so, he was so confused that, when she pointed to the picture she had drawn and asked him what it was, he answered before he thought, "Muff."

All the children had laughed, and poor Dick had felt very much mortified. Miss Lamb herself wondered whether her drawing had been so very bad that the child actually could not tell what she had intended for a cat from a muff, or whether he had only said it out of mischief.

If she had only known that the twins had had a large gray cat to play with from their babyhood, named Muff, and that this had always been their baby name for the animal! To be sure, they had about outgrown the habit now, but Dick, being confused, had said it without thinking.

When Dick was told that he might take his seat, he was quite confirmed in the opinion that he had formed about school, and made up his mind that if he could help it he would never go to that teacher's desk to read again.

And now it was Joe's turn to read; but as he really wanted to learn something, and, moreover, instead of having a naughty little boy beside him, treading on his toes, he had a pretty little girl (Joe called her the blue-and-white girl, and said she made him think of the pretty blue bowl from which he ate his bread and milk. Little Bessie Winslow had very blue eyes, and very fair hair and skin, and, as she wore a blue dress and white

apron, I don't know but Joe's name suited her very well), he listened to what the teacher was talking about, and was really able to answer a number of questions.

In the afternoon the twins had been allowed to go aboard the great ocean steamer that was to take their mother so many miles away from them, and their minds had been so diverted by all they had seen and heard, that they had thought but very little about their school.

But the next morning, when grandma was getting them ready, Dick cried very much and begged to be allowed to stay at home ; and I don't know but that if papa had not been there he might have succeeded in coaxing her to allow him to do so.

Finding that it was no use saying that he would not go, he at last allowed his grandmother to dress him ; but he said that he should not get out of his seat all day, and that when Miss Lamb called him up to her desk he should not go up any more.

Papa, happening to overhear this remark, told him that he must obey his teacher, and that he hoped he should not hear of his being a naughty boy, and then, being very busy reading his paper, thought no more of the matter.

Their second morning at school the little boys found to be very much like the first. Miss Lamb called a class of little boys to read, just as she had done before, but the twins sat still.

"Come, Dick," said she.

But Dick had seen the same little boy, and the same picture of the cat, of which he had grown so tired, and decided to stay in his seat. Just then an idea entered Joe's little head—why

shouldn't he go, so long as Dick wouldn't? He remembered that he had rather enjoyed learning to read yesterday. Accordingly he trotted out of his seat.

Now, as I have told you before, nobody but Mamma Lane could tell these little boys apart, so, as this little boy had answered to the name of Dick, Miss Lamb thought of course it was Dick. At the end of some ten or fifteen minutes this little class of children were sent to their seats, and the class in which Joe really belonged was called up; and as he had had a pleasant time, he thought he would try it again, which he did, Miss Lamb never suspecting that this was the same little boy who had read before.

This went on for a number of weeks, Joe reading twice a day, and Dick not reading at all.

Miss Lamb was so very busy, and had so many children to take care of, that she never noticed the same seat was always vacant. A bright little boy who sat near the twins had made the discovery, however, and had thought he should like to tell the teacher of it.

But he never could get courage to speak loud enough for her to hear.

But a sad day was coming for poor Dick. There had been a bad snow-storm the night before, and in some places the drifts were very high, so that when Dick and Joe arrived at school they found but four children there, so few, in fact, that Miss Lamb said that all the children might read together in one class, and that she would see which one could read the best. Miss

Lamb told all the children they might stand beside their chairs, and of course there was nothing for Dick to do but to stand with the rest.

Joe read quite fluently some little sentences that were written and printed on the blackboard, and then it was Dick's turn. But, alas! as you may suppose, he was unable to read a word, and refused to open his mouth.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" said Miss Lamb. "Don't you know the words?"

Dick shook his head, and began to cry. Miss Lamb was very much puzzled. She could not believe but that the child could read if he would, and, thinking he must have been taken suddenly ill, asked him if this was the case, and if he would like to go home. Dick, not knowing what else to say, nodded his head. So kind Miss Lamb told him that he might do so, and that Joe might go with him.

I think perhaps grandma was quite as much puzzled as Miss Lamb when she saw the children.

Dick did not appear to be very ill; to be sure, he said his head ached a little, and he seemed to be very warm, but that was because he had run so hard coming home; he had a very good appetite for his luncheon, also; but, thinking that he might have taken a little cold in the snow, she gave him some medicine, and was quite relieved to find him all right in the morning, and quite able to go to school.

It being a very bright, pleasant day, everything went on as usual, Joe reading when it was Dick's turn to do so.

I do not think these little boys meant to do so very wrong. They were but five years old, and, although they had been taught that it was very wicked to tell a lie, they were a little too young to understand that it is just as wicked to act one. Joe liked to read, and Dick didn't; and as to deceiving Miss Lamb, and as to one being mistaken for the other, the children were so accustomed to that, they did not connect it with the idea of deception. It was not their fault: they had nothing to do with it; sometimes the mistake was explained, sometimes it was not.

Mrs. Lane had now been gone some months, and the children were beginning to count the days until her return. Great, therefore, was their joy, upon returning from school one day, to find her at the gate waiting for them.

I can't begin to tell you how much the boys had to tell their mother, and how much she had to tell them, but I do know that they were never so happy in all their little lives; and as to mamma, she wondered how she had been able to leave them for so long, and thought she would never do it again.

The boys were rather unwilling to leave their mother and go to school the next morning, until she had promised to come and meet them, and they could all walk home together.

The morning seemed very long to the children; and, just as they were beginning to think it would never end, they heard a knock at the door, and there stood Mamma Lane.

Miss Lamb and their mother seemed to have a great deal to talk about, and then by and by the children heard their teacher say, as if in answer to a question from their mother, "No, I

don't find any difference between them; I think one seems to read quite as well as the other, but perhaps you would like to hear them; and judge for yourself." And so calling the children to her desk, she put into their hands some slips of paper with short sentences printed on them.

"Now, Dick," said Miss Lamb, "let your mother see how much you have learned since she has been away."

But of course Dick could not read a word. After waiting a moment, Miss Lamb said, —

"Well, suppose we let Joe try first, and then you may read afterwards."

Joe read two or three lines quite fluently, and then Miss Lamb told Dick to try again; but by this time Dick was sobbing very bitterly.

"I can't think what ails him," said Miss Lamb; "he can read as well as Joe." Of course she thought he could.

"Did he ever act so before?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"No, indeed," said Miss Lamb; and then she happened to remember *that once* before; but he had said that he did not feel well, and she had let him go home.

"Don't you feel well now, Dick?" said Mrs. Lane; and Dick, who had never told his mother a lie in his life, was obliged to say that he did.

"Then why don't you read?" said his mother.

"Because I can't," said Dick, and here his sobs prevented him from saying any more.

Mrs. Lane, seeing that something was wrong evidently, told

Miss Lamb that she would take the little boys home with her, as she thought she could find out what the trouble was better when she had them alone with her.

When Mrs. Lane got home she took Dick in her lap, and told him he must tell her why he could not read.

"Because I can't," said Dick.

"And why can't you?" asked mamma.

"Because I don't get up when she calls me," sobbed Dick.

"You don't get up when she calls you?" echoed Mamma, "and what has that got to do with learning to read?"

Then Dick explained, as well as his tears would allow him, what Miss Lamb's method of arranging her classes was; "And," added Joe, "Dick did not like to go to Miss Lamb's desk, but I did, so I went all the time; but I thought she didn't care: she never said anything."

Mrs. Lane could scarcely keep from smiling. No wonder Miss Lamb had never said anything. She had never suspected that it was the same little boy reading to her all the time.

However, the little boys' mother looked very grave when she tried to make them understand what they had done, and how much time Dick had wasted.

The next morning when Mrs. Lane was dressing the children for school, she went to her bureau drawer, and took from it a yellow and a red ribbon.

The yellow one she tied in the button-hole of Dick's little jacket, and the red one in Joe's jacket; and then she told the children she was going to walk to school with them, as she wanted to see their teacher again.

Miss Lamb was a good deal surprised when Mrs. Lane explained to her why Dick couldn't read, and promised to be careful in future that the little boy with the yellow ribbon read as often as the little boy with the red ribbon. Dick promised, himself, that he would read whenever his class was called, even if his mother should forget to tie on the yellow ribbon ; and as he was really sorry for the time he had lost, and tried very hard to learn, before long he knew a good many little words, and Miss Lamb tells him, if he keeps on trying he will in time be one of her best readers.

“PERHAPS IT WAS DICK.”

“PERHAPS IT WAS DICK.”

A SHORT distance from the house where Joe and Dick Lane lived, was a very pretty little cottage that had been vacant for some months.

The twins were obliged to pass it on their way to and from school. There was a nice asphalt walk leading up to the door, and a broad piazza on one side of the house, and it had been a great delight to the children of the neighborhood to stop there and play a little while; the walk and the piazza making a most charming place to bounce a ball on.

Of course, so long as nobody lived in the house, there was no one to interfere with them, and the little people had about made up their minds that it was public property.

One day Dick was coming home from school alone, a rather unusual proceeding, as it was very uncommon to see one twin without the other.

The house looking very pleasant in the warm spring sunshine, he concluded to stop and play. He had amused himself for some time by racing across the piazza, and now he was beginning to bounce his ball against the house, when the door opened, and a woman appeared.

Dick was speechless with surprise, and stood as still as if he had been turned into stone. Never had it entered into his little head that by any possible chance people could live in *that* house.

"Now," said the woman quite sharply, "who told you that you might come in here and play, little boy? I never saw such a place for boys. I should think I had driven a dozen out of the yard, and I only moved in here this morning. The next thing I know you will be breaking the windows with your ball. I declare, I have a great mind to take it away from you!"

Now the ball was a new one. Mr. Lane had brought two home the night before, one for each of the boys, and, of course, they were exactly alike. The threat of taking away his ball caused poor little Dick to burst into bitter tears.

Mrs. Welles, who really was not so cross as her manner implied, and seeing, besides, what a very little fellow Dick was, told him that she would not take it away from him this time, if he would promise never to come in the yard again. And Dick, scarcely waiting to give his promise, but finding that he was to be allowed to go scot-free, scampered down the steps, and out of the yard, as fast as his short fat legs would carry him, feeling that he had escaped a great danger.

I do not think more than ten minutes had passed, when Mrs. Welles heard the same noise against the side of the house which had brought her to the door before, only this time it was accompanied by what sounded like the crashing of glass.

On opening the door that led to the piazza, what was her

surprise to find, as she thought, the same little boy she had just sent out of the yard.

“You naughty boy,” said Mrs. Welles, whose patience was now quite gone, “see what you have done! You just promised that you would never come into the yard again, if I would let you keep your ball, and now you have broken my window with it!”

Joe stared. I suppose my little readers have guessed by this time that it was Joe who was the transgressor.

“Don’t you remember what you told me?” said Mrs. Welles. Joe shook his head.

“You couldn’t have forgotten,” said she; “it is not more than ten minutes ago that you were in here.”

“I was not in here ten minutes ago,” said Joe.

“Do you mean to tell me that you are not the same little boy I sent off the piazza?”

“Perhaps it was Dick,” returned Joe.

“You are a very naughty little boy,” said Mrs. Welles, who thought the child was deceiving her; “I know you very well, and besides there is the same ball in your hand. This time I *shall* take away your ball. And I am going to take you into the house, while I put on my shawl and bonnet, and go out with you to find out who you are, and then I shall take you home to your mother, and tell her how much mischief you have done.”

Accordingly, Joe was marched into the house, and told to sit in a chair in the parlor, while Mrs. Welles hurried up-stairs to get ready to go out.

There was a large hall window on the front of the house, which she was obliged to pass on her way to her room, and out of which she happened to glance, when what was her surprise to see what she supposed to be the same boy whom she had shut up in the lower room, walking along the sidewalk, and very contentedly bouncing his ball. "I declare," said Mrs. Welles, "if the little rogue has not run away!" and down-stairs she started, in the vain hope of catching him. She was within a few feet of the little fellow, when, hearing her hurried footsteps, he turned round, and immediately recognizing his enemy, and imagining that she had changed her mind with regard to his ball, concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and took to his heels then and there.

Mrs. Welles, being very fat, and not at all accustomed to running, seeing at once it would be useless attempting to chase him, turned back into the house again; and although she felt vexed, still she could not help smiling when she remembered what a funny expression had come over the child's face when he turned round and saw who was behind him.

What was Mrs. Welles's amazement, upon opening her parlor door, to find the little boy sitting in the chair exactly as she had left him.

"Have I lost my senses?" said she, "or," she went on, rubbing her eyes, "am I awake or asleep? I certainly left you a minute ago running down the street! Are there two of you?"

And then, remembering what the child had said, "Perhaps it was Dick," she was a good deal amused when Joe explained

that he had a brother who looked just like him, and that only mamma could tell them apart.

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Welles, "I think that I will go home with you, as I intended to do, and find out the whole story."

A short walk brought them to Mrs. Lane's house, and then an explanation followed, over which there was a great deal of laughter.

It appeared that when Joe did not come to luncheon, his mother had sent Dick to look for him, which accounted for Mrs. Welle's thinking that she saw the same little boy she had left in the parlor, out on the sidewalk.

Mrs. Welles almost forgot to say anything about the broken window. She had thought at first that the same little boy had come back on purpose to break her window, because she had forbidden his playing in the yard. But when she found it was an accident, of course she felt very differently about it.

Mrs. Welles and the twins became famous friends after this; and many a morning when Dick and Joe were trotting along to school would they find their kind friend waiting at the gate for them, with a nice cake that she had baked expressly for their luncheon.

THE TWELFTH NIGHT PARTY.

THE TWELFTH NIGHT PARTY.

DICK and Joe had got old enough to go to parties — they were eight years old.

It seemed as if the likeness between them, instead of decreasing, had grown stronger. They really looked more alike now, if possible, than when they were three years old, and puzzled the police.

There was a lady who lived near them who had married a French gentleman, and had lived a great deal in France. She had now settled in America, her husband having died; and she liked to keep up in her three children the recollection of the happy home they had had in France.

One of the pleasantest children's parties, she had always thought, was on Twelfth Night, when the large cake with the bean in it was cut, and the girl who got it, if it happened to be a girl, selected the king to share her throne with her, she being called "La Reine de la Fève," or "Queen of the Bean."

If it were a boy who got the bean, he selected a girl to share the throne, and he was "Le Roi de la Fève," or "King of the Bean."

There were various games followed, in all of which the King and Queen took a conspicuous part. Generally there were dances.

Before Twelfth Night came, — Epiphany as it is called in the church, — which falls on the sixth of January, she sent out invitations to all the children in the neighborhood about the age of her own children.

They were not very many, for the neighborhood was not a large one. Some of the children, indeed most of them, had very little idea what a Twelfth Night party meant.

But Madame de Melincourt set herself to work, and explained to them what was expected of them, arranging things a little according to American ideas ; and in the end she got fifteen or sixteen children very wide awake to the delights of a Twelfth Night party.

All Madame de Melincourt's children could dance, of course, by right of birth. So that dancing was like to be the chief amusement of the night.

The De Melincourt children were three in number. The youngest in her seventh year, a pretty black-eyed fairy, who danced through life at present, without a thought of care or trouble. It might be hoped she would get the slice of cake with the bean in it.

The other two were rather older ; one a boy of eleven, and the other a girl of nine. Félice was the youngest girl, and Auguste the older one.

The boy was named a plain American name for Madame de Melincourt's family, — Robert.

In looking round the neighborhood for children, Madame de Melincourt had, of course, been attracted by Dick and Joe, who were conspicuous characters, as twins.

There had, fortunately for the giver of the fête, been in the suburban town for a year or two a dancing-mistress, who was anxious to get a class; and though the twins were rather young to go to dancing-school, yet Mrs. Lane, wishing to assist this lady, who was having a hard struggle in life, had sent her little boys, and had induced others to do so. So that there was a fair chance of the children being able to dance, even if they could not dance quite so well as the De Melincourt children.

Before we go any farther with the story, it is necessary to say one thing about Dick and Joe. They *looked* exactly alike, but there all resemblance ceased. They were totally unlike in character, and the older they grew, the more striking the difference became.

Joe was a quiet little fellow, who did not particularly enjoy being in a crowd of people, who was shy, and did not get acquainted easily, and, in one word, did not enjoy society. On the other hand, Dick seemed made for it. The more, the merrier, for Dick. He was never known to be disconcerted by numbers, and had the enviable faculty of making himself at home wherever he was. Joe would never have known one-half the boys he did know, if he had not been in the habit, ever since he was born, of going wherever Dick went, no matter where.

Christmas passed away, and then in good earnest began the talk about Madame de Melincourt's Twelfth Night party.

The sixth of January dawned as bright and clear as a day could dawn, and the children towards four o'clock of the winter's afternoon might have been seen trooping towards Madame de Melincourt's pretty house, which stood a little apart from others.

The hall was beautifully lighted by colored lanterns, and the room into which they were first shown was bright with Epiphany stars. As there was an Episcopal Church in the town, the children were able to understand what would have much puzzled and shocked their Puritan predecessors.

In a short time the door into the dining-room was thrown open, and the children saw a table beautifully arranged, with no doubt a great many more things on it than was good for them to eat; but in this imperfect world what pleases us most is seldom what is best for us.

There was one huge cake in the centre of the table, upon which all eyes were fixed; it was divided into as many pieces as there were children, and after the meal was over the cake was solemnly handed round.

Who would get the slice with the bean in it? As little Félice was one of the hostesses, the cake was passed to her amongst the last.

She bit into it with her white baby teeth, which had not yet deserted her. She gave a scream. Oh, joy of joys, there was the bean!

She was *La Reine de la Fève*. It seemed quite right, and all congratulated her in childish fashion.

And now who was to be *Le Roi de la Fève*? "Choose, Félice," said her mamma; "we are all waiting."

Félice looked round. We have said that she was a little black-eyed fairy, never known to be still one moment, except when she was asleep. Guided by the law of opposites, her eyes fell on Joe, who was certainly looking at her with great admiration; but very quietly, French to the tips of her fingers, without any embarrassment, she advanced to him, and put the bean into his hand.

"It is you," she said.

Poor Joe was very much disconcerted. It was quite the last thing that had entered his head; and, if it had been possible, he would have got out of his chair and would have run home.

But that was not possible. And then there was Félice standing in front of him, holding out her hand; and without very well knowing what he was about, he took the bean, and, according to custom, looked round for Dick.

But queens cannot have two kings, and Dick had not been placed beside him.

There was nothing to do but to take the Queen's hand, and go on to the two high seats that had been prepared for them, very prettily adorned as they were, and receive the homage of their subjects.

It must be confessed that the Queen had rather a hard time of it. The crown matrimonial made a very uneasy head for Joe; and instead of assisting the Queen in leading off the various games, he was so shy, that he made many blunders, and, in fact, rather impeded the games than helped them.

But at last there came a time when there came a rapid interchange of couples who had been together before.

Joe happened to be near Dick. He still had the bean in his hand, in which he had held it tight ever since Félice had given it to him. "Dick," whispered he, "you take it; I don't know what to do!"

Dick was very willing; he thought he should like it very much. So when Félice turned round, there was another little boy beside her, but she did not know it. She took his hand which was held out most readily, and marched into the room where they were to dance.

It was a very different "King of the Bean" now; this King of the Bean was King of the Queen too, and Félice found to her astonishment that instead of doing just as she pleased with her King, her King did just as he pleased with her. Dick was a natural dancer, and the whole room was looking at them as they waltzed round like a couple of little fairies.

"Dear me," said Madame de Melincourt; "I should not have thought that quiet-looking boy would have danced in that style."

The quiet-looking boy, meanwhile, congratulating himself in childish fashion on his escape, had got behind the children, and was keeping very quiet indeed, not being quite sure whether he should not be dragged forth to occupy his throne again, whether he liked or not.

Once or twice Félice gave a little puzzled look at her King, as if all was not quite right; but the impression soon passed away, and she danced away as merrily as before.

When it came to the next waltz, Dick began to think that he should like some more cake, so he told Félice quite unceremoniously, that he was not going to dance with her that time. It happened to be a waltz that she was very fond of, and she was very anxious to dance it.

But Dick said no, he wanted some cake and some lemonade, and he was going to get some, and broke away from her in spite of all she could do, and went off where the cake and lemonade were.

Félice hardly knew what to make of it all, the King had been so complying the first part of the evening, and now, all of a sudden, he was as obstinate as a mule. But sulking was not in her nature; and she began to look round after a little while, for some one to take Dick's place, as the same waltz was being played again by her mother.

In looking round the room, standing behind the other children, she saw, as she thought, Dick hiding away from her. She immediately ran towards him. "Come," said she, "this is the same waltz, and you have had cake enough now."

Joe, only too conscious that he was the one she was entitled to call out, did not dare to resist, and went with her in the most submissive manner.

But if it was the same waltz, it was not the same waltzer, as Félice found to her cost.

"Why don't you dance as you did before?" said she.

Poor Joe could have made a very effective answer if he had dared.

At the end of the waltz Félice lost all patience. He had stumbled against a chair and torn her lace dress.

“You stupid boy,” said she, “go back and eat cake; it’s all you are fit for.”

And she darted off to another part of the room where she was the life of some frolic that was going on.

But it would not do for the Queen to be without her King, especially for the concluding ceremony.

It was almost nine o’clock, and Madame de Melincourt was too good a mother to keep children awake till the small hours of the morning. So Félice began to hunt for her King. Naturally, after having sent him there, she went to the refreshment-room. There was her King, or at least she thought he was there. He had had all the cake he wanted, and now he was ready to play again.

Madame de Melincourt had arranged that at half-past eight the King and Queen were to take their seats on their thrones, and as the other children marched past, were to present each of them with some pretty present emblematical of the day.

After the presents were all given to the courtiers, the King was to present the Queen with a box in the shape of a French bean, and colored to represent one. Inside it was filled with some comfits made in the shape of beans, and filled with chocolate candy. Just before the ceremony took place Madame de Melincourt remembered that she had not got the original bean that was in the cake to put in the box.

She had thought she had seen the King a moment before in



Temper L. George.

"At half-past eight the King and Queen were to take their seats on their throne."

one part of the room alone; but she thought she must be mistaken, for here he was coming out of the refreshment-room with Félice.

Félice was very glad to find that her King had got over his stupid fit; and as she was too young to think much about anything, she said nothing to Dick about his bad dancing, but led him up to the throne, where her mother was waiting for the bean. Dick produced it calmly from his pocket, where he had put it when Joe gave it to him, and acquitted himself with his usual composure in his royal character, and presented his Queen Consort, with great ease of manner, with her box of sweetmeats. The entertainment closed with great *éclat*.

But to this day little Félice de Melincourt has never found out why her King was so very different at different times on that memorable "Twelfth Night," which was not always "What she Willed."

WHERE THE BOYS SPENT THEIR
VACATION.

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JOE and Dick were very busy one evening playing a game of backgammon. They were quite large boys now, and were allowed to sit up for a little while in the evening, and they generally amused themselves by playing games.

On this evening in question, they had become so absorbed in their game, that they had not heard a word of their parents' conversation until they were quite startled by hearing their mother say, "But what can we do about the boys?"

"What about us?" said Dick.

"And what do you want to do with us?" said Joe.

"I want to take you with us, but papa seems to think it will not be best," said their mother.

Mr. Lane's business was such that he had large interests with France, and it was necessary that one of the partners should live in Paris. The arrangement was that they should take turns in living there, and remain for a period of five years.

Now, Mr. Sturgis had been there but a few months, when his health began to fail so rapidly that he had written to Mr. Lane that he had come to the conclusion he must come home to be

among his friends, and there seemed nothing for the former to do but to go to Paris, and take his place.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lane would have quite enjoyed a residence abroad if it had not been for the children.

Of course they could have taken them, and have had them educated there; but Mr. Lane strongly objected to a foreign training for his boys.

He said they were Americans, and he wanted them educated in their own country, and that he had seen too much of boys, who otherwise might have made good citizens, being ruined by a foreign education.

Well, after a good deal of deliberation and talking, it was decided to select a good boarding-school at which to place the boys, and the summers they could spend with their mother and father in France.

It was a good while before Mr. and Mrs. Lane could find a school that exactly suited them; but finally they heard of one about twenty miles from a large city. It was a small school, with only about a dozen boys in it, whose ages ranged from ten to thirteen years.

Mr. Scott, the master, had been very highly recommended to Mr. Lane; and after Mrs. Lane had been to visit the school and had seen how happy the boys all were, she said that as she could not take the children away with her, she felt comparatively reconciled to leaving them.

The days now flew by very rapidly, and almost before they knew it the time came for the boys to start for their new school.

Their father was to take them, and a short journey in the cars brought them to the pleasant little village where the school was situated. It was quite a long ways from the station to the house; and as they drove through the roads, they had a chance to see what a very pleasant country they had come to live in.

Mr. Scott was waiting to receive them at the depot, and, after a little conversation with the boys, said to Mr. Lane, —

“I don’t think that I ever saw twins look more exactly alike; but do you know that we have a little boy in the school from California who looks enough like your boys to be their brother.”

“Indeed,” said Mr. Lane; “I should very much like to see him.”

“So you shall,” said Mr. Scott. And after they had got up to the house, Mr. Scott sent for the boy, and certainly the resemblance was very striking.

“And who is he?” asked Mr. Lane.

“His name is Frank Glover,” said Mr. Scott.

“Well,” said Mr. Lane, “it is a very odd coincidence. I only hope,” added he, laughing, “that I shall be able to pick out my own boys when I come for them.”

Then Mr. Lane went away quite confident that he should be able “to pick out his boys.”

But things do not always turn out as is expected. When the school term was about to close, and their parents wished the boys to come to Paris to spend their vacation with them, it so happened that Mr. Lane could not leave his business, and had

to send over one of his clerks in his place, who had never seen the twins.

In the meantime this was what had taken place amongst the boys.

Frank Glover, the Californian, had been in the habit of talking to the Lane boys a great deal about his father's ranch. Now, the Lane boys were both very fond of horses, and rode very well indeed, having been put on their ponies without any saddles as soon as was possible, and having from nature good, strong legs. What you can do well, you always like to do. Consequently, when they heard about the horses at Mr. Glover's ranch, they were very anxious to go there. One day when Dick and Joe were together without Frank, for a wonder, Dick said to Joe, —

“Wouldn't you rather go to California and see the ranch, than go to Paris?”

“Well, yes,” said Joe, hesitating; “but then there's mother, you know” —

“Yes,” said Dick, rather taken aback at this thought, for he did love his mother dearly, “but then we might go to Paris, too, you know.”

“They are a long way apart, — Paris and California,” said Joe, who usually supplied the calm judgment on any question that might be uppermost for the time being. “And then how could we get there?”

“Frank says he would rather go to Paris than to California,” said Dick, looking at Joe as if he had a new thought, or rather an old one, in his head.

"Well," said Joe, "perhaps his father will let him go with us."

"No, he won't," said Dick; "for I asked him. We might change," went on Dick hurriedly, looking at Joe to see how he would take it.

"And what good would that do?" said Joe. "Mr. Glover wouldn't like one of us" —

"But if he didn't know it," blurted out Dick, who was afraid that if he did not get out what he had to say in a hurry he should never get it out at all.

Joe turned round and looked at Dick. "Didn't know it!" said he.

"Why, nobody can tell us apart," said Dick, trying to look unconcerned.

"I wouldn't do it," said Joe decidedly. "Besides, you *couldn't* do it!"

Now, if there was one thing more than another that always drove Dick on, instead of restraining him, it was to tell him that he could not do a thing that he had proposed to do. And from that hour he never ceased to think how he could carry out the trick of going to California instead of Frank Glover. The latter was very steadfast in his preference as to going to Paris instead of going to California. And one day when they happened to be alone together, which did now happen sometimes oftener than usual — when you are going to do anything wrong you are often helped out in a wonderful way for a *little while* — he asked Frank if it would not be a fine sell for his father if he went to California instead of Frank.

"Yes," said Frank, "and he'd never know it. He has not seen me for two years; and my mother is dead," he added in a low tone.

"Would you try if I would?" said Dick.

"What would Joe say?" said Frank.

You see, the boys always thought of what Joe would say. There are some people in the world who even in childhood cause themselves to be respected.

"He wouldn't tell," said Dick.

"No," said Frank; "he wouldn't tell."

Then they parted without looking at each other.

The next day Mr. Scott received a letter from Mr. Lane, saying that he could not come for the boys himself, and that Mr. Austin would come in his place. Mr. Scott told the Lane boys when Frank Glover was with them, and Dick looked at Frank, and Frank looked away.

But after school, when they were together he said, "It'll be easy enough now, if that's all."

"Will you try it?" said Dick. "We can tell it afterwards. Nobody ever did anything but laugh when people took me for Joe, or Joe for me."

It wanted about a fortnight of the time for Mr. Austin's arrival; and the boys had begun to realize that unless they all started together from the railroad station, it would be impossible to carry out the plan. But Mr. Austin and Mr. Glover did come together, and the three boys started off with them; and after Frank and Dick had changed places half a dozen times Mr.

Glover really did not know one from the other. He had not seen Frank for two years, and it was not so much to be wondered at after all.

When they got to the place where they were to separate, Dick went on with Mr. Glover, and Frank with Mr. Austin.

The boys had never exchanged one word with each other upon what they were going to do, since the last conversation I have mentioned.

It is the fashion nowadays to say that there is no difference in the characters of boys and girls. The present writer thinks that the difference is very marked.

They had a very prosperous voyage, and not one word did Joe or Frank say to each other about what had happened. Only Joe would never suffer the word "Dick" to pass his lips. He called Frank "old fellow," or anything that came uppermost.

When they got to Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Lane were waiting at the station ; and, in the general joy, there was not much time for observation, especially in the twilight of a Paris evening after they had got out of the light of the lamps. But when they got home and Mrs. Lane could take a good look calmly at her boys, it was another matter.

She was silent for a moment, and then screamed out, almost choked with fright. "Where's Dick? where's Dick?"

"Why, here he is," said Mr. Lane, bringing forward Frank Glover.

"It isn't Dick ; it isn't Dick," said she. "Oh! where is he? What has happened? Why don't you tell me? He's dead! He's dead!"

Mr. Lane began to think that his wife had lost her wits ; and Mr. Austin, who had not seen much of Mrs. Lane, verily thought that she was insane, and he began to think what would become of himself, and wished he had never undertaken to bring home the boys of an insane woman.

But Joe could bear it no more. "Mother," said he, "it isn't Dick ; Dick is in California." Now Mr. Lane began to doubt his own sanity.

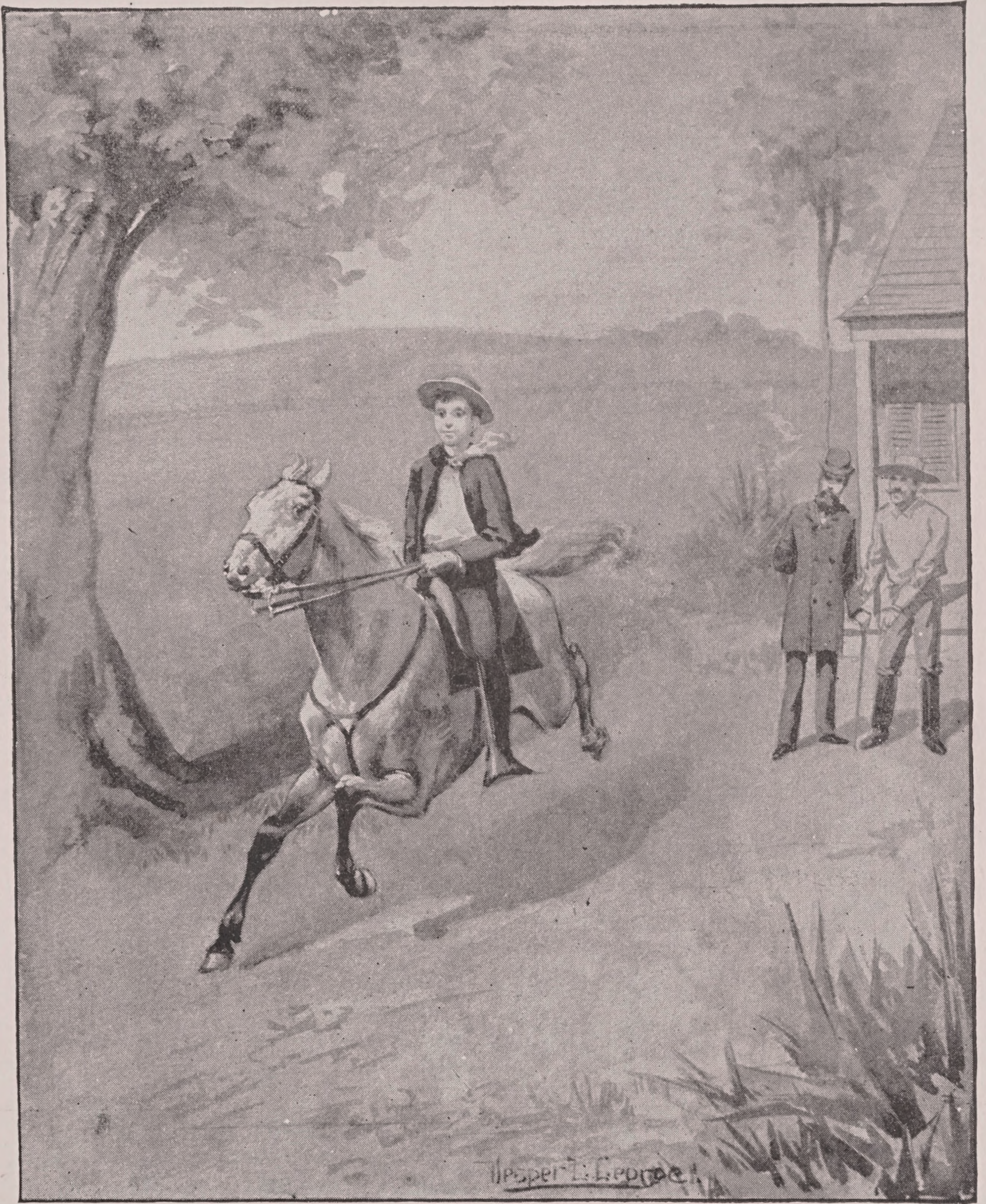
"In California, is he ?" said he. "What does all this mean, I should like to know ?"

Then Joe stated clearly, as was his custom, what had been done, winding up with : "I told Dick he had better not do it. I knew mother would find it out, if no one else did."

And now what was to be done ? Mrs. Lane, judging others by herself, as we all do, was supposing that the household of Mr. Glover was in the same state as her own. But when Frank told her he had no mother, she looked at the situation more calmly.

There was a cable telegram sent off without any delay. But before the telegram went off, there had been another confession at the other end of the journey.

When Dick got to his all desired ranch, the pleasure obtained in such a manner brought its usual experience. The apples were very full of ashes. To be sure, there were the horses, and he was praised very much for his coolness in riding, and Mr. Glover seemed quite proud of him, although he had not much time to devote to him ; and in the daytime it was all very well,



Dick's Vacation.

but when it came night and he had to say his prayers, somehow he did not want to say them, and one night he cried himself to sleep.

At last he could bear it no longer ; and he went to Mr. Glover and asked him to write to Paris, and tell them where he was.

“ I know I have been a bad boy,” said Dick ; “ and if papa thinks I ought to go back to school and never go to Paris at all, I won’t complain, but only tell mamma, because she won’t know where I am.”

“ And where, then, is Frank ?” said Mr. Glover when he could recover from his amazement.

“ He’s in Paris,” said Dick ; “ but mamma will know that he is not I.”

“ Not if she is as stupid as I am,” said Mr. Glover grimly. He was a very clever man, but after all he did not know his own child.

Then there was another cable telegram sent. The boys had cost a good deal. And then came a letter, all which took some time.

Mr. Lane, in the great relief of finding that, to use a common phrase, no one was hurt, and taking into consideration Dick’s confession, had made up his mind that he should be allowed to come to Paris after all ; and he went on to say, that they should be glad to keep Frank, also, through the vacation.

As Frank’s father had never found out that he had been deprived of Frank, he did not need much persuasion to accede to the request, to Frank’s great joy.

So the three boys saw Paris together finally. After some time, a brown fellow walked in, and rushing up to Mrs. Lane, went through a very different performance from the calm and stiff embrace of Frank Glover at the Paris station.

Dick was very well, and so happy to see them all that perhaps he did not suffer quite so much as he ought to have done ; but then so few people get their deserts, even in Paris.

He never tried to be anybody else again, except upon one occasion, when he and Joe performed, to universal satisfaction, Dromio of Ephesus and Dromio of Syracuse in Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," after they were grown up young men.

MR. SMITH'S MISTAKE.

MR. SMITH'S MISTAKE.

AFTER the boys got back to school from Paris, there was naturally a good deal of talk amongst their companions, as to the very successful attempts of Dick to see a Californian ranch.

To do Dick justice, he had the grace not to be proud of his exploit ; but when he found that he was looked on rather in the light of a hero, he did not refuse to relate some of the wonders he had seen. He was very steady in his preference of the ranch to Paris, and declared that when he was a man, nothing should keep him from so delightful a place. After they had been at school about three months, there came a new teacher, who declared that he could easily distinguish between the Lane boys, and as to Frank Glover, he asserted roundly that he was not to be confounded with them for one moment, as it was plain to a careful observer, that he came from an entirely different family, and the characteristics of his race sufficiently distinguished him from the Lane boys.

He really was very successful for some time, in telling one boy from the other ; although like all boys, they were mischievous enough to try and puzzle him.

The new teacher's name was Smith, and he was a native of the place where the school was situated.

His father was a farmer in the neighborhood. A very comfortable farmer indeed. The place might have been justly styled an ornamental farm, only Mr. Smith, senior, rather objected to the word.

He said his farm was not for ornament by any means, and that he had always meant it should be a farm where there was plenty of hard work done; as had to be the case where any profit was to be expected.

He used to laugh and say, if it had been an ornamental farm, his son Charles would never have wanted to leave it.

However, being a just man, he used to add that he believed his son had worked as hard in one way as he had in another.

Whatever the farm might be called, there was one certain thing about it—it was a region of delight to all the boys at Mr. Scott's school. And very happy were the boys who were selected to pass a day at the farm, when Mr. Charles Smith went home to spend Saturday.

Several boys had been taken, and each and all came back with glowing accounts of the horses, and the dogs, and the various pets of one kind and another.

Mr. Charles Smith was an only son, and his mother was very anxious to make his home pleasant to him; so she was not disturbed as some mothers would have been with two or three noisy boys brought into the house who were never still except when they were eating, and, to say the truth, not very still even

then. She had heard of the Lane twins, and was rather anxious to see them, so when her son brought them to the house, she looked at them very attentively.

No one ever knew how it happened; but to the boys' great delight, when Mr. Charles introduced them, he mistook Joe for Dick, and Dick for Joe.

Perhaps seeing them under different surroundings confused him.

Be that as it may, he introduced them with great care, as to distinguishing them, to his mother, calling Dick Joe, and Joe Dick, and saying that he had never made a mistake between them yet.

The boys kept their countenances admirably. Mr. Smith came in, and Mr. Charles went through the introduction with the same confidence as before.

The boys had the usual delights afforded them. It was Friday night when they came, and the whole twenty-four hours they were there, Mr. Charles Smith never had a misgiving as to the identity of the two boys.

There was one little incident happened that bore fruit afterwards.

When they were going through a pasture of the farm, where the barberries were ripe, there was a particularly fine cluster on the ground just by Mr. Charles Smith's foot; he picked it up and gave it, as he thought, to Joe, but in reality to Dick.

The visit, like other delightful things, came to an end; and the boys and Mr. Smith went home, not getting there till every one was in bed.

The next morning was Sunday; and when they came down to breakfast, the bunch of barberries was fastened in the button-hole of Joe's gray jacket.

Mr. Smith looked across the table, — the boys were back in their usual surroundings, and a puzzled look swept over his face.

The boys were wide awake.

"I thought," said Mr. Smith, "that I gave that bunch of barberries to Joe."

"You thought you did, sir," said Dick, "but you told your mother that I was Joe, and you thought I *was*, all the time I was at the farm. But as I am Dick, we thought we'd fasten the barberries on Joe so you might know him from me."

It must be confessed that there was a general laugh went round the breakfast-table at Mr. Smith's discomfiture. But he bore it very good-humoredly, and owned that the likeness of the Lane boys to each other was too strong for even the cleverest detective to master.

THE TWINS' HERO.

THE TWINS' HERO.

ASHLEY was a small place after Paris to be sure, but sometimes things do happen even in a country town.

This is what happened in this particular country town. There is always a store in a country town, — “the store,” as it is called by the inhabitants; and in this instance the person who kept the store was named Millbury.

He was a man who had been noticeable in the Civil War for his cool, quiet courage; and there was a boy named Tom, very like his father, about Ashley now. He was usually known in the village at large, and by the Lane boys in particular, as the boy who had seen Santa Claus.

This rose from an incident that happened about three years ago, when he was staying at his uncle's farm for the Christmas holidays. He had been very anxious to see Santa Claus, and one very drear cold midnight, on Christmas Eve, he got up and looked out of the window, and to his astonishment, and scarcely to his belief, he saw a short, stout figure, clad in fur, getting over the wall of the pigsty, with a little pig under his arm.

Tom shouted to his uncle, whose conjecture was the most

correct one, that it was a bear, whose tracks had been seen about the farm for some weeks, the winter being of unusual severity. After that, as we have said, Tom Millbury was known as the boy who saw Santa Claus.

The Lane boys were very fond of him, and he was very fond of them.

He was a straightforward, quiet little fellow, who never said he was *going* to do anything, nor after it was done made much reference to it. But boys know each other pretty well; and the Lane boys never forgot the day when they went out skating, and the thin ice broke under a little boy, and Tom Millbury was the one to venture out for him.

And Dick Lane's high spirits bore the same charm for him that they possessed for Joe. No one enjoyed the events of this special Christmas that we are telling about more than the Lane boys.

It was well there was something, for they had had a disappointment. They were to have gone to their grandfather's to spend Christmas, taking Frank Glover with them; but there was an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in the town, and put an end to that project.

But they had a very fair amount of enjoyment, for Frank Glover's father was willing he should spend money generously, under Mr. Scott's direction, and the Lane boys' father was of the same mind; and so they were allowed to go sleighing and have a double runner, and new skates, and all sorts of winter playthings, under strict supervision of course.

Perhaps Mr. Scott was glad when school began again, for it is a great deal easier to take care of people at work than when they are at play. However, nothing happened to them. They had never for one moment thought that anything could happen to them. They left that part of the business to Mr. Scott, and when school began were in high health and spirits. In the meantime, Ashley village had been waked up in the following manner.

Mr. Millbury kept what was, for the size of the town where he lived, a large shop, or store as the people called it. He usually got along without any assistant, because he had a reasonable set of customers who expected that Mr. Millbury should have time to eat his dinner ; and if, by any chance, they got over too early they either went back, or, if it was too far to go back, sat down on the doorstep, if it were pleasant weather, and waited. If it were a heavy storm, Mr. Millbury got up from his dinner and called them inside. You see, they understood manners in the town of Ashley.

He was obliged, however, to have some one to help him at Christmas time ; there was so much to be done. And hitherto he had always had the same man ; but this year Mr. Savage had had what he called " the grip ; " and it had left him so very weak, that he could not undertake regular work.

Mr. Millbury hardly knew what to do. Three or four days before Christmas, he told his wife he was at his wits' end for some one to help him.

" For," said he, " I can't put up groceries, and all sorts of

things, and carry them round too ; and every one wants their own things brought at the same time, you know."

"Tom can drive," said Mrs. Millbury.

"Yes," said Mr. Millbury, "but he can't lift all those heavy goods out of the cart. I don't know what I *shall* do."

You see, in a country town, it is not so easy to hire any one as it is in the cities. Every one does his own work, and cannot leave it, even for money.

In the afternoon of the day of which we have been speaking, there was a man came into the store. There was no one in the store but Tom ; his father was down in the cellar.

The man came up with a slight limp, and said in the broken English that showed he was a German, "Is you der liddell poy Santa Clause did see on dir Christmas Eve?" It was a question that Tom had often been asked.

"Yes," said he, looking the man full in the face, with the bold, steady blue eyes that never quailed before any one. The man dropped *his* eyes. But he recovered himself in a moment, and asked him in his broken English, as usual (which we shall do better to imagine) whether he thought he should be frightened if he should really see Santa Claus. "I can't tell," said Tom. "My father says you never know how you'll feel in a place till you've been there."

Sergeant Millbury learned that in the sixties, when he was carrying his wounded officer off the field under a rain of bullets at Antietam.

Just then he came into the store from the cellar, and the man

left off talking to Tom, and asked Mr. Millbury if he did not want some help in the store till Christmas was over. Mr. Millbury said "yes." The man asked if he would take him. He said he was in want of work, and had not been able to get any for some time.

Mr. Millbury asked him what wages he expected; and he said he would be satisfied with what he might choose to give him, even if he gave him no money, for he must have a place to sleep, and something to eat.

Here was a new difficulty. Mr. Millbury did not at all like the idea of taking a stranger into the store, but to take him into the family was worse still. He could not afford to board him at the tavern, and the man could not work unless he had something to eat.

He told the man to stay where he was for a few moments, and he went into the house to ask his wife what she thought about it.

Mrs. Millbury was kneading a batch of bread. She let her hands remain buried in the dough for a moment, without speaking.

"Why," said she, "Thomas, I don't know what to say. We don't know anything about him, and there is no way to find out, that I know of. And you must have somebody. And after all, Tom," concluded Mrs. Millbury, "you do generally know how to take care of your wife and children." Mr. Millbury laughed. He was of that opinion himself.

So they agreed that they would run the risk of taking a stranger, and Mr. Millbury went back and engaged the man.

At the back of the shop there was a little building that had been used on an occasion of sickness during the summer as a bedroom. To be sure it was winter now; but Mrs. Millbury had plenty of comfortable bedding, though she did not like very well to use it for such a dirty fellow.

But she was too kind-hearted to let any one suffer from cold, and the German probably never had so comfortable a bed in his life.

He seemed to do very well in the store, and he was strong, and made nothing of a barrel of flour. To be sure Fidus did not seem to be particularly pleased with him; and Tom, though he could not have told why, disbelieved utterly the accounts that the German gave him about his "liddell poy's" Christmas presents from Santa Claus. And indeed, looked the German so very steadily in the face during the recital, that the man gave up telling the stories.

As it happened, Tom's grandmother, Mrs. Morgan, was coming over to spend Christmas with her daughter. And it also happened that just at that time several hundred dollars, that had been lent on mortgage by Mrs. Morgan to a farmer named Stone, had been paid back to her.

There was not time to put this money in the bank before Christmas Day; and Mrs. Morgan was to bring it with her, for Mr. Millbury to take when he went down to the bank, which was about ten miles distant, on the first of the year.

"Thomas," said Mrs. Millbury, after they had gone up to go to bed; "I do wish mother was not going to bring all that money

with her. I sha'n't have a moment's peace while it is in the house."

"Dear me, Jane," said her husband, who liked to laugh at her once in a while, "I didn't think you had such a bad opinion of me. I won't touch it, you may be sure."

"Nonsense, Tom," said his wife. "You know I don't mean you."

"Oh," said Mr. Millbury, "I thought you did."

"You know I didn't," said Mrs. Millbury quite gravely; "but we have got some one in the house we never had before."

"I know it," said Mr. Millbury, "there he is crying now."

"Oh, Tom," said Mrs. Millbury, "do stop joking. I do feel worried, and I can't help it."

"Well," said her husband, finding that she must be answered seriously, "there is one thing to be said: the German will not know the money is in the house, and we certainly shall not tell him; and the money at present is not in the house; you had better go to sleep quietly for to-night at least."

This was good advice, and Mrs. Millbury took it.

The next day was the day before Christmas, and Mrs. Morgan came over to her daughter's from the adjoining town. She had brought the money with her for Mr. Millbury to take to the bank.

Tom was very fond of his grandmother, and he had been thinking what he should give her for Christmas.

Now, Tom had the very sensible idea that if you were to give people presents, you should give them something that they like.

Mrs. Morgan took snuff. It might not be a very commendable habit, though the time had been when it was a very fashionable one; and the gold snuff-boxes were exchanged with great gravity and ceremony between the royal people and their courtiers in Europe.

Tom did not know anything about that; but he knew that his grandmother liked snuff, and that she said it cured the neuralgia in her head, and he thought she knew what was good for herself better than he did.

At any rate, he thought she would rather have some snuff than anything, and so he went to his father who kept snuff amongst the other things in the shop.

"Father," said he, "I want to give grandma something that she likes, shouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Millbury, "I should."

"And I think," went on Tom, "that she would rather have some good snuff than anything."

"I think so too," said his father.

"And I wish," continued Tom, "that I could have some snuff to give her. I should like to put it on the little table by the lamp in the night. Perhaps she will think that Santa Claus brought it."

So Mr. Millbury told Tom to go and get as much of the very best and strongest Scotch snuff as he wanted.

Tom got it on Christmas Eve, and had it already up-stairs, and meant to carry it into his grandmother's room very softly at midnight, provided he was awake, which he meant to try to manage.

Now, it must be explained that Tom slept in a little room at the back part of the house; and from the room there was a staircase that led down into the store.

Some boys no older than Tom would not have dared to sleep there alone with the large middle room, that Mrs. Morgan occupied when she came, between him and his father and mother; but Tom had inherited his father's steady courage, and he feared no danger. He said his prayers, and went to sleep. Once his mother had suggested that he had better bolt the door that led to the back stairs, but Tom said if anybody broke into the store you could get them a good deal quicker if the door wasn't fastened. Mr. Millbury smiled when he heard this. Tom was a chip of the old block, after all.

Meantime Mrs. Morgan was making herself very comfortable in the society of her daughter, and taking no sort of notice of the German, except to remark to Jane, that she was glad Thomas had got some one to help him, as she had not known what he would do, when she heard Mr. Savage was down with "the grip." It was towards night when she made the remark, and Mrs. Millbury was setting the tea-table.

"Yes, mother," said she, "but we don't know anything about Jacob, and I do wish you hadn't got that money with you. You had better let Thomas have it to put in the safe to-night over Christmas."

"They are always blowing up safes, seems to me, Jane," said Mrs. Morgan; "and I think it will be a great deal safer under my pillow, where no one will think of looking for it."

Just then Mrs. Millbury, who was near the door that opened into the passage which led into the store, thought she heard some one moving outside. She pushed the door open which was not latched, and looked into the passage. There was no one there. She went on into the store. Jacob was sitting half-asleep over the stove. He did not look as if he had moved a finger for the last hour.

Mrs. Millbury went back into the kitchen. "Mother," said she, "I know I'm foolish, but I do wish that man was out of the house."

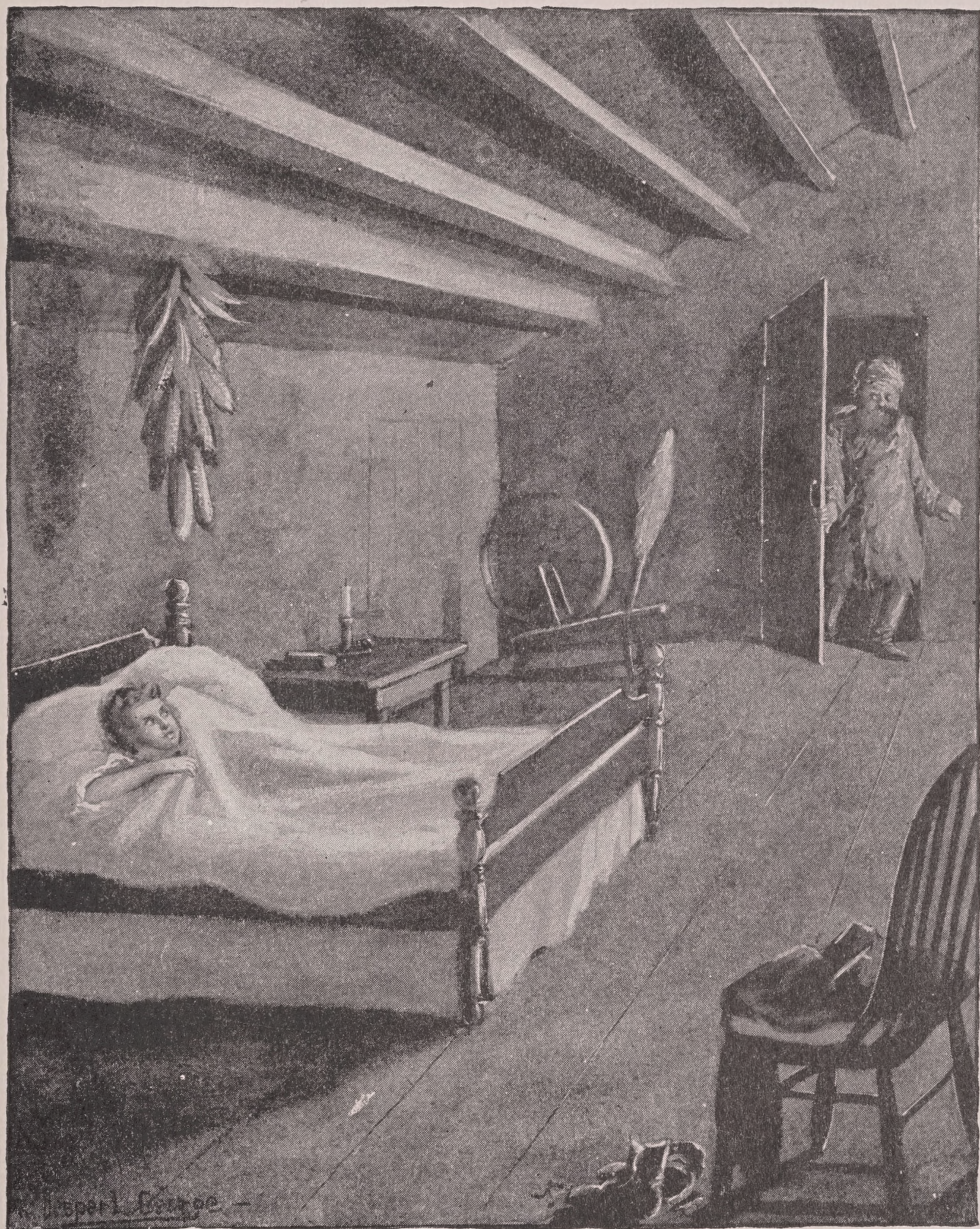
"Who?" said her mother, who had forgotten all about the German.

"Why, Jacob," said Mrs. Millbury. "Tom doesn't like him, though he doesn't say anything; and Fidus does not like him; and I don't really think that Mr. Millbury has any confidence in him. But he had to take him."

"Well," said Mrs. Morgan, who never borrowed trouble, "I wouldn't worry over it, Jane. He'll be gone in a day or two."

"He's going to-morrow," said Mrs. Millbury, "but we thought it seemed hard to turn him out Christmas Eve with no place to sleep."

Then Mr. Millbury came into his supper, and said he was very tired; and he was glad that Christmas came but once a year; and that if Santa Claus was as tired of carrying round presents as he was of carrying round groceries, he did not envy him.



"He was lying very still when he saw the door that led to the back stairs pushed very cautiously open."

They sat and talked some time round the fire as people will on such nights, and then went to bed, the children's stockings being duly hung up. Tom asked his grandmother if she was going to hang up her stocking, but Mrs. Morgan said Santa Claus did not come to grandmas. Tom looked at his father and smiled, and then went off to bed before the rest of them.

He did go to sleep at first; but he was so full of his project as to his grandmother's present that he waked up somewhere about twelve o'clock, and lay thinking that in a few moments he would get up to play Santa Claus for his grandmother's benefit.

He was lying very still, when he saw the door that led to the back stairs pushed open very cautiously, and a figure entered with an old fur cap pulled down close over its forehead, and muffled up in fur certainly.

But if it were Santa Claus, Tom saw that he had got on Mr. Millbury's big fur coat. It seemed as if so important a personage as Santa Claus would have a fur coat of his own. And then Santa Claus was a little lame.

Tom lay very still. Santa Claus looked towards the bed. He trusted altogether to his powers of personating the benefactor of the children. There was no movement from "der lid-dell poy," and he went on into Mrs. Morgan's room.

Then Tom jumped out of bed, still holding the bag of snuff, rushed into his grandmother's room and sprung onto the bed and dashed a half pound of the very best and strongest Scotch snuff into Santa Claus's eyes, and shouted for Fidus and his father. They were on the field of action speedily. But Santa

Claus was in no condition to show fight. He was blinded by the snuff, and too much encumbered with his Santa Claus outfit to do much.

He tried to stammer out some story about bringing presents for "der liddell poy," but the story did not hang together very well. It was not the room of "der liddell poy," and there was the package of money on the floor.

Meantime, "der liddell poy" was at one of the front windows, blowing with all his might a large tin horn to summon the neighbors.

This horn had belonged to Tom's grandfather Morgan.

It was used many years before to summon the farm-hands to dinner; and many a time had Tom looked at it with real regret, reflecting that a thing that was so admirably adapted for making a noise could never be used for the purpose. He had practised on it when he could, not altogether to the satisfaction of his family. But at least he had learned how to use it, and now certainly the time had come.

In about fifteen minutes there were half a dozen men in Mr. Millbury's house, wanting to know what the matter was.

After the German had got some of the snuff out of his eyes, and found that he might as well tell the truth as a lie, they found out a good deal that they did not know before. So far from not being able to get any work, as he had told Mr. Millbury, he had been working for some weeks at Mr. Stone's, — the farmer who paid the money to Mrs. Morgan.

The Stone family, believing that Jacob did not understand

English, spoke quite freely before him about Mrs. Morgan coming over to get her money, and where she was to go to spend Christmas. And he managed to get a pretty correct idea as to the disposition of the money, learning that it could not be put in the bank until after Christmas Day.

He then decided to leave Mr. Stone's and go out to Ashley, and trust to luck for getting into the house where the money was. The Santa Claus idea came into his head afterwards, from hearing some boys say, when he was inquiring for Mr. Millbury's house, that was the house where the fellow lived who saw Santa Claus last Christmas. Then he thought of the Santa Claus plan which had turned out so very unfortunately for him.

One of the men went for the constable to take the German. The constable did not much like to be routed up in the dead of the night. Ashley was a quiet place, and he was not used to it. But when he heard he was wanted at Mr. Millbury's, he got up, muttering to himself that he never expected a quiet Christmas Eve so long as Tom Millbury was alive.

The constable staid in the house all night and watched Jacob, who was easily managed, and quite cowed at his total failure in his attempt at personating Santa Claus.

The household got quiet after a time, and everybody went to sleep.

Tom did not wake till it was broad daylight, and I am glad to say that he and his sister found the stockings well filled. But in the afternoon he had a present that really deprived him of the power of utterance.

He never was so much of a talker as some boys of his age, but on this occasion he really could say nothing.

It has been mentioned that in the Civil War, so many years ago as it seems to you children, Mr. Millbury performed a very brave action, by which he saved the life of his officer at the battle of Antietam. Captain Chesney lived near the town of Ashley; and on Christmas Day some member of the family always came over to Mr. Millbury's, sometimes with one present, and sometimes with another, but always with something valuable. They never thought they could do enough for the man who carried Captain Chesney (he was General Chesney now) off the field, and saved his life.

This year the general himself was at home on leave of absence, and of course he came over to see Mr. Millbury.

After they had talked a little over old times, the general asked about the affair of the night before, which was in every one's mouth in the town, and said he should like to see Tom.

So Tom was called in. He was rocking the baby while his mother was putting the dishes away. That baby was something of a trial to Tom; but he bore it with his usual fortitude, and got it to sleep when such a thing was unavoidable.

He stood as straight as if he was on drill while the general was asking him questions.

"Did you feel afraid, Tom?" said General Chesney.

"I didn't think about that," said Tom with great simplicity; "but I wanted to know what Jacob was going to do in grandma's room. She was all alone, and I thought he might frighten her."

General Chesney smiled. "He's a chip of the old block, Millbury," said he; "and he'll live to carry his officer from under fire as his father did once."

The tears came into the general's eyes, and the two men shook hands over Tom's head.

Then the general shook hands with Tom, and bid them good-by, telling Mr. Millbury to be sure and come over and see him before he went to join his regiment.

When Tom looked in his hand, there was a large round yellow thing that felt so heavy that Tom did not know what it was.

"What is it, father?" said he, when he could speak.

"It is a fifty-dollar gold piece, Tom," said Mr. Millbury.

"Well!" said Tom, which was all he could say.

He was really surprised that any one should think it worth while to give him that amount of money in connection with what happened the night before. But if the general thought it was, why it must be all right. Tom had a great respect for General Chesney's opinion, and had long ago determined to enlist in his regiment so soon as circumstances would permit.

The rest of Christmas Day passed over very quietly. They went to church in the evening, as they had not been able to go in the morning, and Tom thought that he had a good deal for which to be thankful.

So did every one else, as the loss of the money would have been a sad thing for Mrs. Morgan, who was very far from rich.

Jacob was carried to jail, and when the trial came off Tom covered himself with glory as a witness. He bore it very well,

and showed no signs of being injured by the notice he had received, to his mother's great satisfaction. Mr. Millbury and Tom were too much alike to be much overcome by a little applause. They merely thought they were doing their duty, and troubled themselves no more about it.

Mr. Millbury carried off the money the next day to the bank in the nearest town. But he had to tell the story over a good many times, and no one has forgotten yet how Santa Claus saw Tom Millbury.

UNCLE EDWARD'S PRIZE.

UNCLE EDWARD'S PRIZE.

ONE vacation the twins had spent with their parents in Paris had been made particularly delightful by a visit they had received from a favorite uncle of theirs. They had never seen a great deal of him. He was an older brother of their father's, and had spent a great deal of time travelling about in foreign countries.

He had lost his wife and only child when quite a young man ; and as his home had been completely broken up by their deaths, he was in the habit of saying that one part of the world was as much home to him as another, and as he was very fond of travelling, much more of his life had been spent abroad than in his native country.

But if the boys had not seen much of him, his name was a very familiar one in the household ; and a Christmas or birthday never passed by without a large box coming marked, " For the Twins." And when these boxes were opened, what did they not contain ? And how did it always happen that he knew just what boys liked ?

It was not surprising, therefore, that there was great rejoicing

when one night a letter came from Uncle Edward saying that he was to spend several weeks with them in Paris.

I think that Mrs. Lane was quite as much pleased as the boys, for circumstances had made it necessary that when they returned to America in the autumn they should be sent to a new school. They had been very happy with Mr. Scott; and although they were manly little fellows, and did not say much about it, still their mother could see that they rather dreaded the prospect of going amongst entire strangers again. She hoped, therefore, that their uncle's visit would serve to divert their minds.

Uncle Edward's visit did indeed prove a delightful one! He had brought home a fund of anecdotes and stories; and it was an understood thing that he belonged solely to the boys from the dinner-hour until their bedtime, which, until their uncle's arrival, had always been eight o'clock. But somehow eight o'clock seemed to come so much quicker than it used to come, that in consideration of their going away so soon, I am afraid that it oftener got to be half-past eight, and sometimes quite nine, before they got up-stairs. Besides Uncle Edward's entertaining stories he had brought with him numberless curiosities, which he had picked up in different parts of the world. Amongst them all I don't think there was anything that amused the boys more than looking over some curiously carved images which came from Japan, and which represented some of the gods and idols of the people of that country.

They were none of them more than a few inches in height,

and some of them smaller; yet in every case the features were perfectly carved, although some were so very small it was necessary to look at them through a magnifying-glass. The collection contained some fifty or sixty images, and was so valuable that Mr. Edward Lane had bought it with the intention of presenting it to a museum in his native city.

It was the evening preceding the day they were to sail for America, and of course the last one the boys were to spend at home for some time.

They had been looking at the collection with a great deal of interest, when Joe said rather sadly, —

“Well, I suppose this is the last time we shall ever see them. What do you suppose the boys do at Mr. Thompson’s school evenings, Dick?”

Their uncle, who was very much interested in them, overheard the remark.

“No, indeed,” said he, “it sha’n’t be the last time by any means. I’ll tell you what it is: the boy who stands the highest in his class shall have these ivory images for his own.”

Joe looked at Dick, and Dick looked at Joe; and there was such a peculiar expression came into Dick’s face that Joe hastened to say, —

“Never mind, Dick, if I do get them, you can have them just the same. We can own them together.”

At which speech every one in the room laughed; for it was a well-known fact that without doubt Joe was the scholar of the family. I don’t know that he learned any more readily than

Dick, but he had a great deal of application, which Dick had not. If Dick could learn anything without any trouble, it was all very well; but if he had to work for it, — that was another thing. Now, no matter how bright a boy may be, the one who is willing to work is apt to excel the one who is not. And as Joe was always ahead of Dick in his class, no wonder he felt sure of getting the prize.

Hitherto, Dick had never shown the slightest jealousy of his brother, and had always been the one to repeat any compliment that Joe had received at school — he being always a shy little fellow about his own acquirements, thinking in his secret soul that it was much finer to be able to do some of the things that Dick did so well — for was not he the swiftest runner amongst all the boys of their age, and it was universally conceded that it would be impossible to arrange a base-ball team unless Dick would consent to be the pitcher.

After the boys had gone to bed that night, their father said he hoped the offering of the prize would not make any ill-feeling between the boys; but Mrs. Lane thought there was not the slightest danger of that, and that the hope of winning it might be the means of inducing Dick to take more interest in his studies. She did not think there was any difference in their natural abilities, and she had often wished something might occur to rouse Dick's ambition.

So when the boys started for school the next day, it was with the understanding that the one who stood the highest in his class would receive Uncle Edward's prize.

The first few weeks after the Twins joined their new school, they had a comparatively easy time. They were a little in advance of the classes they had been put into, and consequently the lessons were more of a review to them than anything else. Neither of them was obliged to work very hard, and they received about the same number of correct marks. But the time arrived when the lessons began to grow more difficult; then, too, they had begun Latin, which was entirely new to them, and the boys soon realized that if they meant to stand well in their class they must set to work in good earnest.

It was exactly as their mother had said, — one boy was in reality no brighter than the other; and now that Dick had an incentive to study, his progress was quite as rapid as Joe's. Although both boys would have been glad to win the prize their uncle had offered, still Dick was rather the more anxious to do it. He had been particularly pleased with the curious carving of the images, and had actually been still for half an hour at a time when he was looking at them, which was certainly a remarkable thing for Dick.

It was one of the customs of the school to give the boys a study hour in the latter part of the afternoon, and in this time they generally prepared their Latin for the next day. Most of the boys were in the habit of writing out their translations on a piece of paper, but of course were not expected or allowed to carry them with them when they went up for recitation.

One evening just about the time before the summer vacation, the boys were given what was for them a difficult Latin fable to

translate. Dick was working, for the time being, with rather more energy than Joe.

Mr. Thompson kept an account of all the perfect recitations each boy had throughout the year, and at the end of it a report was sent to their parents. For all correct recitations and good behavior, marks called credits were given ; but for any failures and misdemeanors, the pupils received marks known by the name of errors, the latter of course deducting from the former.

Now Dick, it must be admitted, was more troublesome than Joe, and had received a number of errors ; and he had begun to realize that if he were to get the long-coveted images, he must begin speedily to work very hard for the remainder of the time, as well as to be careful about his behavior. Joe certainly stood a better chance at present.

On the evening in question it had been some time before the boys had been able to make a satisfactory translation of the fable. They had finally succeeded, however, and, as they were in the habit of doing, had written it on a sheet of paper. Now, the boys knew that they were strictly forbidden to carry these papers into their classes. Generally they tore them up, and threw them into the waste-paper basket as soon as they had prepared their translation.

If they had only done so in this case there would have been no trouble ; but as the lesson had been so difficult, they thought they would keep them and look over them again, after their game at ball, which they were allowed to have after their early tea.

Accordingly, they stuffed the papers into the pockets of their jackets, and ran out of doors for their game.

Now, in the same class with the twins was a boy by the name of Arthur Williams, who never by any chance learned his lessons if he could possibly help it. He, of course, had the same Latin fable to learn as Dick and Joe Lane; but instead of working away at it, as they had worked, he had idled away his time as usual. Consequently, when he went out with the rest of the boys, he had learned scarcely one word of his lesson for the next day. He trusted to being able to find some boy or other in the school to help him.

Seeing Dick Lane leaning on a fence apart from the other boys, which was a little unusual, for Dick was very fond of society, he went over to him, and asked him if he had been able to construe that Latin fable.

"Yes," said Dick, "it *was* pretty hard, but after a while Joe and I got it out."

"Did you write it out?" said Arthur.

"Yes," said Dick.

"Did you tear it up?" went on Arthur

"No," said Dick.

"And where is it?" said Arthur.

"In my pocket," said Dick rather reluctantly, for he knew what was coming.

"Are you willing that I should look at it?" pursued Arthur.

"I'll give it back to you in the morning."

I suppose that Dick ought to have said no decidedly; but as

I have known some grown-up people who did not have sufficient moral courage to use this little word when they should have used it, we will not be too severe on a boy ten or eleven years old.

"You can take it if you want it," replied Dick, not very heartily.

Dick had got so warm playing ball, that he had taken off his jacket, and thrown it on the grass. He showed Arthur where it was, and then went on playing ball, and thought no more of the matter.

Arthur found the paper where Dick told him to look for it. It was much longer than he had expected; and he said to himself, "I don't believe I shall have time to learn all this. Perhaps Mr. Thompson will excuse me when I tell him I did not feel well. I am sure it did make my head ache to try and learn it this afternoon. When I go home this summer I mean to ask my father to let me give up Latin, and take French, it is so much easier." Having made up his mind after this fashion, he put the paper back in Dick's pocket, and went on with his game.

The next day Arthur was excused from his lessons in a way he little expected. A telegram was received saying that his father had met with a very serious accident on the railroad, and he was to come home as speedily as possible.

Of course in the hurry and excitement nothing more was said or thought about the paper; Dick supposing, of course, that Arthur had it still in his possession.

Before the boys went to bed that night, Joe had glanced over his paper, and, thinking that he knew it sufficiently well, tore it up, as usual, and threw it as he thought into the waste-paper basket.

He was always the most thoughtful of the twins; and before they went to sleep that night, he reminded Dick that he must be sure and not carry his paper into the class, if he had not already destroyed it. Dick did not make any reply. He felt as if he would a little rather Joe should not know how he had helped Arthur Williams to cheat. The next morning Dick was dressed and out of doors before Joe was fairly awake.

He had received permission from his teacher to go to Mr. Millbury's store in the village, before breakfast, where Tom Millbury was to meet him, and give him some willow sticks, which he wanted to make into whistles.

He had promised himself a great deal of pleasure from them, for Tom had assured him that whistles made from this particular tree made the loudest noise of any whistles he had ever made. And Tom had had great experience in these matters.

The twins had always been dressed alike, and of course could wear each other's clothes; although Mrs. Lane had insisted that they should be particular about wearing their own. They generally were so; but on this morning Dick was in such a hurry that he snatched up the jacket which was the nearest, and which was, in truth, Joe's, although he did not know it. Of course when a little later Joe got up, he put on the remaining jacket, supposing it to be his own.

In the course of the morning, and just before the class in Latin was to recite, Joe happened to put his hand into his pocket, and drew out, much to his surprise, the paper that he thought he had destroyed the night before.

His first impulse was to put the paper back again into his pocket; for the thought had come to him quick as a flash, that the paper must belong to Dick, and that when they dressed that morning they had put on each other's jackets. He could not bear that Dick should be punished, and so lose all chance of winning the prize.

But before he could put the paper away, Thompson had seen it in his hand, and had inquired what it was.

When the latter found out what it was, I think he was even more surprised, if such a thing was possible, than Joe himself.

Both the Lane boys had a reputation for being thoroughly honest and truthful; and he would not have suspected that Joe Lane, of all the boys in the school, would have cheated in his lessons. It was only the week before that one of the boys had been found doing the same thing. He had been severely reprimanded for it; and Mr. Thompson had then said, that the next boy who committed the offence would be punished by losing a large number of the credits he had obtained for perfect recitations. All Joe would say for himself was, that he did not know that he had brought the paper into the schoolroom with him.

He was perfectly thunderstruck to see Dick sit still and not explain to whom the paper in reality belonged, and let him bear the blame of another's carelessness; but if Dick would not tell

of himself, he certainly would not tell of him. I don't think Joe cared so much for losing the prize, which, of course, he had lost all hope of now, for the long summer vacation was now so near that it would be impossible for him to make up for all the credits he had lost, but what he did feel was the injustice of the punishment and Dick's behavior. He had always known that Dick cared more for his uncle's present than he had himself, but he would not have believed it possible that the fear of losing it would have made him behave so badly.

When the boys got out of school that day, Joe tried to avoid Dick, and hurried away from him; but the latter, quite unaware of the former's feelings toward him, ran after him, exclaiming, —

“Why, Joe, how came you to carry your translation into the class? You told me to be sure to tear up my paper, and I don't see how you came to forget about your own.”

Dick had too good an opinion of his brother's honesty to believe it was anything but an accident.

“I did not forget about it,” said Joe sturdily. “I tore it up;” and looking his brother squarely in the face, “you know very well that it was your own paper, and that we must have got on each other's jackets this morning, which accounts for my having it.”

I think that Dick was too much surprised for a few moments to speak; but when he had found his voice, and had explained what he had done with his paper, he added, —

“I wish that I had told you last night when you were talking about it.”

He wanted to tell Joe that he was rather ashamed of what he had done, but he was too shy to say so.

“Are you sure,” asked Joe, “that Arthur took your paper?”

“Yes, indeed,” answered Dick. “I saw it in his hand.”

This was true, but he had not seen Arthur when he put it back again.

“Well,” said Joe, “perhaps I am mistaken about destroying my paper; I know that I meant to tear it up before I went to bed, and I thought I did so.”

“Where do you think you threw the pieces?” asked Dick.

“I can’t say positively,” said Joe; “but I think I threw them into that waste-paper basket that stands beside the table in our room.”

“Let’s look through it; I think they must be there.”

But a careful search failed to reveal them. The basket contained a great many other papers, but not the one they wanted. The boys hunted in every place they could think of, but all in vain, and finally came to the conclusion that it was just as Joe had said—he had meant to tear the paper up and throw it away, but had forgotten to do so.

When after some conversation with Mr. Thompson on the subject, Joe found that he really believed the statement he had made regarding the paper in the first place, I think he felt better about the matter, and was willing to acknowledge that he had disobeyed one of the rules through carelessness, and that it was just he should pay the penalty for it. Shortly after this the boys went home to their parents for the summer vacation, bringing their reports with them.

Mrs. Lane had been somewhat surprised in looking over them, to find that Dick ranked a good deal higher than Joe. She had asked some questions, but finding that the boys were rather reticent, concluded to say no more about it, believing that if there was anything that it was right she should know, all in good time the boys would tell her. And future events proved that she was right.

One summer evening Mr. and Mrs. Lane and the boys started for a drive. "Take your spring overcoats, boys," said their mother: "the air is quite cold, and you may need them before you get home." It was as their mother said; before they got home the air grew quite chilly, and they were glad to put on their coats. But Joe had no sooner got on his, and had thrust his hands into the pockets, than he gave a shout of surprise, exclaiming, "Here it is, Dick! Here it is! It was just as I said;" and he held out some pieces of paper for his brother to look at.

The boys were in such a state of excitement, that it was some time before their father or mother could understand what it was all about.

"And," added Joe, "I can understand now just how it happened. Don't you remember, Dick, that I had a cold, and that night, when we went out to play ball, after we had done our Latin, Mr. Thompson made me put on this coat, and told me not to take it off? I tore up the paper, just as I said I did; but instead of putting it in the basket, as I thought I had done, I must have put it in this pocket. I have never had the coat on

from then until now, for the weather has been so warm that I have not wanted it."

"But still," said Dick, "I don't see how the paper got back into my pocket; for, of course, it was my jacket you took that morning. I know I saw Arthur Williams take it out; perhaps he might have put it back again."

"Well, boys," said their father, "I think your Uncle Edward will be rather puzzled to know what to do. He says he is coming next week to crown the victor, as he calls it."

When Uncle Edward did come, and had heard the whole story, he decided that both boys were deserving of a present, and that they might choose what they would have. Dick, of course, chose the carved images; but the person who told me this story had forgotten what Joe's choice was. If ever I find out, children, you shall know it.

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